

FOR THE SUMMER SPORTSMAN

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 141.

[PUBLISHED
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WEEK ENDING JULY 15TH, 1911.

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The Modern Man



I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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WEEK ENDING JULY 15TH, 1911.

ONE PENNY.

SHAVING SOAP HINTS.

Whether to buy an ordinary cake of shaving soap for use in a mug, or else to get a shaving-stick is often a puzzle to the man who is for the first time taking to shaving himself. The cake has the advantage of being simpler to use, but it has also the drawback of being wasteful and of attracting dust. The stick is far more economical, and as it can be kept in a box can always be relied upon to be clean. When you put dust on your face along with the soap, shaving is an unpleasant process. If, however, you use a cake always get a mug that is fitted with a lid.

GOLF AND CRICKET UMPIRES.

There is one great difference between umpires at golf and cricket. The umpire or referee at golf must take cognisance of any breach of the rules by a player, whether appealed to or not, but at cricket it is otherwise, for the Rules of Cricket ordain that an umpire shall not order a batsman out unless appealed to. Cricket umpires, however, act on their own initiative in the following instances. Calling a "no ball" or "wide." Deciding on the fitness of the ground for resumption of play after play has been stopped by rain. But they can only order a game to be discontinued for rain or bad light on the appeal of either captain.

REWARDS FOR MERITORIOUS SERVICE.

Apart from decorations and medals there are various more substantial rewards for distinguished or meritorious service on the part of Army officers. These are, for example, the appointment of a retired officer to the Tower of London, which carries with it £200 a year, plus any half-pay or retired pay, to which the holder may be entitled. A more lucrative billet is that of Governor of Chelsea Hospital, which is worth £500 per annum, again in addition to the half or retired pay of the officer appointed. These two appointments are open to field marshals or retired general officers only. For other deserving officers a sum of, say, £14,000 a year is "ear-marked" for distribution among them in annuities not exceeding £100 each. In the case of N.C.O.'s and men discharged for good conduct may be rewarded by an additional pension of sixpence a day, provided that the applicant does not already hold an annuity in respect of his gallant conduct.

CHEEK.

At the end of this year the National Telephone will become State property. In that case, if the operators are like the other Post Office officials, instead of saying "Hello" we shall always have to say the "O" first.

Of the Barnet cyclist "highwayman," the "Standard" remarks: "He is a young looking man, most of his top front teeth being missing." I suspect that he must have come across someone of riper experience in the art of boxing.

Quite recently a brass tap was stolen from the Acton Police Court. But, doubtless, the learned magistrate was able to spout quite successfully without it.

Now that one of the heads of the S. E. and C. Railway is Lord Kitchener, it is certain that no cooked accounts will be allowed on the menu.

PANAMA—AND SOME PHILOSOPHY.

[Things are so perfect in Panama, that the women are bored to death.—"New York Daily Tribune."]

Here's some advice that's bound to touch
All dames who grumble overmuch,
They'd find their lot was harder far,
Had they to live in Panama.
Life is so perfect that the fair
Find naught but direst boredom there.
Nothing inspires a gay "Ha! Ha!"
It's all "Boo! Hoo!" in Panama.
So ladies, you should never fret
If Sarah breaks your china set.
Be grateful for the slight fracas,
And glad you're not in Panama.
And if that "cat" who lives three doors
Away, should sport a hat like yours,
Don't let that fact your spirits jar,
But wear your husband's Panama!

Says a weekly paper: "Two of our leading London actresses, almost on the same day, have parted from their husbands." The "stage direction" to unhappy theatrical spouses is apparently "Off prompt."

"The beauteous Pavlova," says a contemporary, "has been earning tons of English gold, but it is not all net." It is, however, a good "catch" all the same.

Jack Johnson, who is standing out for £6,000 for a match, win, lose, or draw, has acquired a flat in New Oxford Street. His demand makes me think that he hopes to find another one somewhere else.

J. S. Cox.

POLO PONIES.

The result of the recent series of international polo matches between England and America, when England lost on each occasion by a narrow margin, throws a vivid light on a rather deplorable state of affairs. All round and individually England's play was more brilliant than that of America; but the latter won—as is generally recognised—through the undoubted superiority of the American ponies. They were not only better trained, but they possessed far superior stamina. Indeed, several of the English players bought ponies to bring home.

What is the matter with our English ponies? And why can't we train them better?

TACTICS IN A STREET FIGHT.

Whereas in a ring contest two amateurs will be seen to be leading consistently at the face, these tactics are distinctly inadvisable in a street fight, where you are out for business, as it were. Go as hard as you can for your man's wind whenever you get the chance; but see you get that chance first. You may have come across a member of that rare but most degrading type, the once first-class pugilist who has turned bully.

And in a street row always adopt long fighting. Quick, hard leads at the body, and rapid getting away are the proper tactics. With an unscrupulous rough once you are laid hold of you may receive all manner of foul blows.

BLOWING SMOKE RINGS.

Many a man will surprise himself now and again in the course of a smoke by producing a ring of delightful symmetry, entirely by accident; but the number of smokers who can make smoke-rings at will is a very small one.

It is easy enough, however, to make them with a small cardboard box with a hole cut in one end. Breathe the smoke gently into the box at the end opposite to the hole, and, with a little practice, you will be able to make rings issue from the latter by tapping the opposite end.

The process of making rings come from the mouth alone, however, is difficult to describe. Few men, even, are able to teach it. But it can roughly be said to consist of opening the mouth in a shape as near to a circle as possible, breathing the smoke out gently by a slight movement of the uvula and tongue.

It is easiest to acquire the art with cigarette smoke, for that seems to be more dense than the smoke from a pipe or a cigar.

EMOTIONS UNDER FIRE

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BATTLE.

It is commonly supposed that the first time a soldier is under fire he is in a blue funk, but that with succeeding battles he grows more and more accustomed to the sensation until he comes positively to enjoy it.

Now I don't want to lay down the law on the strength of a few months of active service, but I have been under fire some half a dozen times. I have also had the advantage of talking with many men of far greater war experience, and without exception their opinion was mine—namely, that the first time you are under fire the novelty is so overwhelming that you have neither time to be afraid, nor is your mind or imagination in working order to realise what is happening.

I know I had been under fire some three or four hours before I had any true appreciation of the fact. I was then attached to a mountain battery, so was not in the firing line; but after an assault I had seen men brought in dead or wounded, and still I might have been in a dream.

A NARROW SHAVE.

There was a lull in the fighting, and my skipper and I, intent on lunch, were trying to open a bully beef tin, having broken off the key. He was holding it, and I was pulling at the lid, when a bullet came along and buried itself in the tin. That brought me to my cold senses, and also destroyed all appetite for lunch.

I don't pretend that you don't feel nervous during your first battle, but it is more the nervousness of excitement than of fear.

You are afraid principally of being afraid, and now that the moment you have so often dreamed of has arrived, you are so intensely interested in your feelings that there is little room for other emotion than curiosity.

REMAINS UNPLEASANT.

As for the theory that you grow to like being under fire, I cannot agree with it. Of course, there is a certain amount of excitement every time you go into action, but once the novelty has worn off, and you begin to see things as they really are, I cannot understand any man pretending to enjoy battle, save in very special and peculiar circumstances. For example, in the Indian Mutiny, after Cawnpore, our men were filled with righteous fury against the enemy, and I have no doubt they took a fierce delight in slaying them; but, as a rule, the soldier has no personal quarrel with his foe.

In the Boer War I daresay there were Afrikaners and British settlers who bore a personal grudge against the Boers, and here and there in the ranks there may have been a man who "remembered Majuba," but the average Tommy had no ill-will to the Boer; he tried to kill him because it was his duty and his profession.

IMAGINATION—ITS VALUE AND ITS PENALTIES.

This is why imaginative men make the best soldiers. Patriotism, duty are abstract things, and the unimaginative man can form little or no ideal of them.

True, the imaginative man suffers infinitely more than the clod. Few of us can see, or even think, of the operating theatre without a shudder. Think, then, what it means to the imaginative man to have the operating tent ever at his elbow, daily to see the surgeons in their long, white overalls, slashed and specked with blood, going about their grim work. He knows that his turn may come next; he is haunted by the fear that the chloroform may run short.

All this is enough to make him turn tail, but his imagination saves



him. The fear of being branded as a coward is stronger than his fear of death or pain. He has, too, his ideals of duty to sustain him. The man who runs away is usually a very stupid person.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HIT.

Modern civilised warfare is a cold-blooded business. Death comes out of the void, and rarely do you meet your enemy face to face. It is difficult, therefore, to feel any sense of personal resentment, unless some dear friend is killed beside you, or you yourself get in the way of a bullet.

I know when I was hit my feelings were a mixture of rage and surprise.

I was angry, just as you would be angry, if anyone unprovoked hit you in the eye. But the dominant feeling was one of puzzled, pained surprise. Why should my unseen foe want to hurt me? What had I done to him that he should seek my blood?

WHY?

I have seen a good many men killed in action, and on most of their faces was the startled, questioning expression of a child suddenly and unjustly rebuked or struck.

They seemed to be asking God to tell them the meaning of it all, and perhaps across the border He told them.

But to us war is a terrific puzzle. I am not talking of the war of avengement, when white women and children have been foully done to death. The motive that inspires men, then, is obvious. But how can one explain political wars? To me they savour of madness. The combatants have no personal animus, often they do not even know for what they are supposed to be fighting.

Soldiers are supposed to be keen on war. Very young and very green soldiers may be, but the man who has been through it is rarely in a hurry to repeat the experience.

It is a ghastly business, bristling with horrible and revolting sights.

The men who make wars are not soldiers, but politicians who know not what they do.

I often hear young Territorials talking eagerly of the day when they will go into battle. I like their pluck and enthusiasm, but, believe me, lads, a very little of the actuality of war goes a mighty long way. "CHINSTRAP."

BACK-STROKE SWIMMING.

The following are the Amateur Swimming Association Rules for Back-Stroke Swimming contests:

(a) Competitors shall line up in the water facing the starting end with both hands resting on the end or rail of the bath or course.

(b) At the word "Go" they shall push off and swim upon their backs throughout the race, except at the moment of turning and finishing.

(c) After turning competitors must place both hands on the end or rail of the bath or course before pushing off, as at the commencement of the race.

"THE BIG NIGGER."

AN APPRECIATION, AND SOME STORIES OF JACK JOHNSON.

A huge bulk of muscle, with not an atom of superfluous fat to be found anywhere upon it, round, essentially negroid face, and gleaming white teeth that are frequently shown in a smile like a happy baby's—such is something of the impression which Jack Johnson, the heavy-weight boxing champion, makes on the mind of a new acquaintance.

The big nigger's many little eccentricities have won a certain amount of scornful criticism from him from the American public, whose attitude towards a black is still as virulently antagonistic as it is among the whites in South Africa. With all his peculiarities, this particular nigger is a likeable being enough. He is one of the quaintest of living paradoxes—one who is at the same time a baby and a man.

His baby-like characteristics are shown in his inordinate love of expensive playthings. I don't mean that he actually buys toys; but he exhibits an infantile delight in buying enormous diamonds, chuckling with glee to see the gems flash in the sun or the electric light. His love of display is more nor less than the feeling shown by a man who has, after a period of financial shortness, suddenly received the unheard-of sum of a sovereign from a generous aunt, and rushes off to buy a lot of "pretty-pretties" with it.

Jack Johnson, in one phase of his character, is a grown-up baby, who only a short time ago had no money at all, but who now has more than he knows what to do with.

But see Jack Johnson in the ring—and the baby comes out in him at once. He fights fair, one has ever seen him make, or even deliver, him of making, a foul. Even when he delivers a smashing blow that would put most men in the hospital for hours, he has no vicious thought in the thick head of his. He smiles at his opponent, though they were both having a friendly spar at home.

It is said that he jeered at Tommy Burns during their big fight in Australia—but this is true. He certainly exhorted him to "Get on with it, Tahmy! Swing yo' right, Tahmy!" and so on; but the words were full of malice in them. And anybody who heard him hiss, hissing whispers, before the fight, of "You black trash! See what I'm going to do with you!" and similar vehemently sneering remarks could hardly have blamed the nigger if his opponent had been a bit vicious.

Jack Johnson will always hold his arms away from him in a clinch, to show that he is holding. And when he has knocked his man down, he is the first, after the count is over, to help his opponent to his feet.

As most of us know, the big black is, at the moment of writing, fulfilling an extensive musical engagement in this country—as he has been doing for some time previously in the United States. In connection with his American tour, he has told which illustrates his goodness of heart.

At one music-hall where he was to give a week's engagement he had to go on after a girl, a beginner whose salary was very small. One night he found her weeping bitterly. She asked what was the matter. She explained that she could not afford to tip the limelight man, that the latter revenged himself by operating on her lime faultily during her turn. Jack Johnson went up to the man, and wanted to know when the man admitted his frequent faults when the lady was on, but said it was invariably an accident.

"Wal," said Jack drily, "Ef yo' make more accidents like that, yo' won't get a cent from me, but what I will give yo' is a ticket from doin' anny more faulty limin' for the yo're in hospital!"

And, strangely enough, the man's work that became consistently irreproachable.

E. G. R.

A SKETCH.
By F. C. HARTINGTON.

THE LADY'S



MAN

first 'oopin cough.
Chipperay! . . . Wot
d'you think of what we've
caught at present?"

"What I want to know," I ventured to remark to the little man at the opposite table, "is what the deuce anyone comes here for?"

I was lunching in a restaurant in one of the Cinque Ports, and as I spoke a butcher, in the garb of his trade, sauntered across the road, which was visible through the open door. There followed him a painter, white-coated, and carrying a couple of pots and a plethora of brushes. The gorgeous butcher's steel, it made the coat of the painter starting white, and, alas! it mocked at the barrenness of the place.

"Historic little show," said the only other patron of the restaurant. "Lots of battles near 'ere in olden times. Ole Willie the Corncurer, y' know, and that lot of coves."

The style of the music-hall patterer's conversation marked him down at once as a cockney, whose tongue is always that of Little Tich, T. E. Duwille, and George Robey.

"You could pretty well understand why they think those old Anglo-Saxon chaps would trouble it ain't such a gleam on a plice like this. Still, about kickin' the bucket."

"You here for that?" I asked, sympathetically. The remark was, perhaps, tactless had that been the case, but his eye was merry enough to make at least a benefit to humanity in a way. Or, think, I'm the Instrument. Just think. Put yourself in the plice of any sportin' young feller 'ere, 'avin' selected the town out of a cap of swankin' poster advertisements, an' then moonin' about on that pier there at, say, three o'clock, and not knowin' either the lunch scores or the first winner. I travel for—"

"I named three daily papers, each of which has the largest circulation."

"I arrange for the winners and the cricket to be wired through for the stop press. There's a girl here who runs a newspaper shop—not a bad little bit o' goods either, barrin' she wears specs. My business 'ere to-day is to put 'er up to the abbreviations. I've been doing it. Not 'arf. Keep man on business, I am. Like to trot round and see her? I can interduce yer. Friends o' mine are friends of 'ers. You're a pal o' mine 'pro at Filippin's eighteenpenny-with-sweets-or-cheese. What? Devour me, gals. I come from Dulwich!"

The little man was altogether happy and quite inconsequent.

"Carruthers—my name is. Delavoy Carruthers. That's my nom de plum-tree. You want an alias. I'll tell you why. . . . Chipperay, partner, train trundles along to Canterbury? Well, we'll have some sport. Chipperay! There's a motor-bus runs along this front seven miles to some secluded sylvan retreat. We'll be swells. We'll ride with the beastly cheffonier, dear boy. What?"

His thumb was stuck in the arm-hole of his waistcoat. His sharply pointed nose was cocked absurdly heavenwards. He ejaculated "Chipperay!" again, stopped, tapped his foot on the pavement, waved to the policeman. "This is the place were from de motor-buses start? *Acca nobish!* Parlez vous francais? What price me for a polyglot correspondent? You are fairly down when I struck you. You wouldn't do those o' play before the next mornin'. That tells you the sort of uncivilised 'oles I fetch up at. Then, you know, you 'ave to manufacture your own joy de viveve. The secret"—he nipped my arm and executed a rhythmic *pas seul* of the step dance variety—"is girls. *Searchay lay femmes.*

Look after the bits o' fluff. They'll make you 'appy. My line is that I represent the papers I told you about. Doin' the Kent coast resorts. Card proves it. And not a word to say I'm not on the editorial staff. Chipperay!"

He passed me a card that gave the names of the three papers. At the bottom was inscribed in pencil his alias. His real name I gathered from the cold print above was less reminiscent of the romantic hero than "Delavoy Carruthers."

"Swanky journalist, see? Five guineas a column. Little anecdotes about all the nob's in Fleet Street. But not the usual stories. To be convincing you must tell tales against 'em. Say they don't look clever—nor talk clever. But every now and then out they come with somethin' really dazlin'. In the 'Cheese' (never 'Cheshire Cheese'), or the 'Dragon,' or the 'Punch.' That's the locale of the yarns. One of my funniest tales is about a waistcoat button flying off Mr. Chesterton when 'e was doin' the steak-kidney-and-lark pie at the 'Cheese' an' 'ittin' young 'Azelden, the cartoonist, in the eye. 'Azelden ses then that Chesterton's so clever that 'e's made hundreds o' stars out o' one button. Goes down very well until I get to that point. But they must be 'omely stories. No use talkin' about 'ow brilliant the merchants are. You want to enlarge on their weaknesses."

"I know a chap 'oo does a column on topics in one o' the penny evenin's. Well, 'e always writes best on gin-an'-water. I paint a pretty picture to the girls of 'ow 'e does nothin' but mop up gin ail day—straight gin. Then, at 2.30, in comes the printer's devil. Must 'ave the copy in an hour. They prop 'im up in the corner of the saloon bar, stick a pen in 'is 'and, and give 'im the mornin' paper. An' 'e rips it off. Sparklin' stuff. To make it convincin', I've 'ung it on to real nom-de-plum-trees. But the girls spread it about among their friends. An' three o' the chaps I've tacked that story on write for Radical papers, wear turn-down collars, and don't drink nothin' stronger than lemonade and claret, Chipperay!"

"Ah, 'ere we are. 'Ere's the motor-'bus. No, don't be in too much of a 'urry to mount. Might get 'ung up with some ancient bits. Bein' in too much of a 'urry to cop a cosy corner in a motor-bus—outside the 'Queen's' at Folkestone that was—I didn't 'arf tumble right into the cart. Back view very pretty. Wouldn't turn 'er face to me, she wouldn't. I kept stampin' on 'er toe accidental-done-a-purpose. Observed to 'er back 'air that I was miserable, restless. Pals not turned up, an' no girl to love me. A little gentle female conversation, I went on, 'ad been recommended for my complaint. She turned 'er face. She said she was goin' as far as Sandgate. She'd talk to me. I put on my sun specs that I wear for swank when fishin'. It negatived that visage a bit. I'll give 'er 'er due, she 'ad a nice voice, even if 'er shortage of teeth caused 'er to lisp a little. But you can't 'ave everything."

"Yet, she seemed to 'ave 'ad most things. Told me all about the complaints she'd 'ad since 'er

motor-'bus which was gradually filling.

"Nothing I want to make a cosy-corner girl of. Don't know 'ow you feel about it? But what's this comin' 'ere . . . dem! I wonder what that boulder in the blue socks was waitin' about for. Very nice, too! La-de-da. 'Ow are you, Algy?"

In falsetto tones he was mimicking the ultra polite meeting of the exclusive couple at their rendezvous.

"E's a Percy-Bertie, I'll bet. Did you ever see such a collection o' frumps as are climbin' on that motor-'bus? An' curse! There goes our front seat—womp! I s'y, I s'y. Where are the girls? Look at this dem party o' Plymouth Bretheren. By Jove, this is a 'ole an' a narf. No go this journey."

The 'bus was almost filled by a party of perspiring and zealous-looking people who reeked with good intentions. Presently only the back seat was left. Two girls, passing us, eyed that seat a little anxiously.

Mr. Carruthers pulled out his tie a little further, and gave his straw hat a shade more of an angle. Then he thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, step-danced *pianissimo*, and whistled.

"On?" he asked me.

He eyed me critically.

"You'd make a muck of it," he said.

He linked my arm in his.

"Leave me to do the pow-wow-ing. You'd be too nervous. You haven't got the *savvy faire* abaht yer. What's the game? My dear feller, of course they're our little birds for the afternoon. You watch me, don't get bashful, and have your money on Mr. Carruthers."

The ladies—the sun had affected their complexions, which were mostly peeling off—sat down on a parade seat.

I watched "Mr. Carruthers" as requested and saw that I had with me a past-master at what he termed the "gentle art of getting off." There was no awkwardness. He raised his hat, and inside half a minute I heard him drifting into a discourse on aunts and chaperones at the seaside.

An introduction for me was necessary. I discovered in the course of it that I was Mr. Cosmo Ray "of the Halls," resting before taking a six weeks' engagement at the Tivoli at the top of the bill.

These were kind-hearted girls. They sat there and pretended to take it all in. Then one expressed the opinion that it would have been better if our profession had been that of the pugilist.

"Why?" asked Mr. Carruthers. "You don't mean to tell me—"

"That we've made an ap. with two gentlemen for a motor ride this afternoon," said the prettier of the two. "They're mad on physical culture, and their names—"

"We've been introduced wrongly," said Mr. Carruthers. "Our name's Walker, thank you!"

And we walked, even as the experts approached.

"Any more 'buses, bobby?" my friend called out cheerily to the policeman.

"Not till four-thirty."

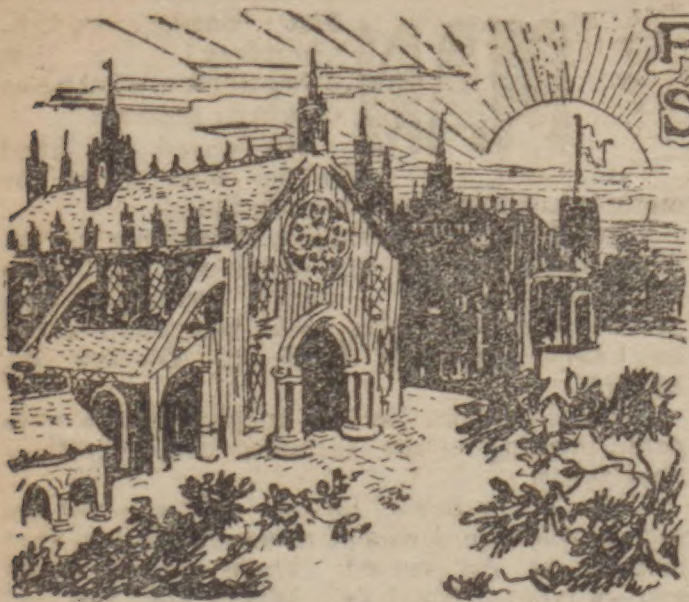
"Four-thirty—crikey! What a place!"

He patted me lightly on the shoulder.

"Oratio," he said, "on form, that leaves the girl at the newspaper shop with the specs top-weight. I shall—ah—stroll in that direction, I think. Believe in two's company certainly, but you're welcome. Quite welcome. There's lots of papers to read, and I'll bet you're not one to glimpse over the top at every giggle. Besides, 'er pal comes in with some tea for 'er at four o'clock. She's a sport, I'm told—a sport. Likely as not I shall be sorry I've fixed myself too definitely on to Miss Giglamps. Now there's a chance for you. Come along with me, Chipperay!"

I bade him good-bye. Fate had decided that my train should go at 3.55. Otherwise, I should not, perhaps, be heart-whole to-day.





PUBLIC SCHOOLS

WHAT THEIR EDUCATION MEANS TO A MAN.

"I mean to send my son to one of the best English public-schools, whatever sacrifices we have to make at home to do it."

Strangely enough, the man who made this observation to the writer not long ago was one who had not himself enjoyed the advantages that one of the recognised first-class public-schools of England can give. Yet he had the insight to see the reality of those advantages.

So often one hears a father say, "What was good enough for me is good enough for him," and as it is undoubtedly cheaper to act on this supposition, the boy gets an education which, though it may perhaps be scholastically as good as he would have got at a public-school, does not have the same effect on his character and cannot give him the same social hall-mark.

AN INVESTMENT.

The wise parent looks upon money spent on a son's education in the light of an investment. Even if capital has to be spent upon it that might otherwise in time have come to the son, the latter will one day have cause to be thankful that it was spent in giving him a good start in the world.

To attempt to draw the line between the public-schools above referred to and the rest would be impossible. There are many secondary schools nowadays which are public-schools in name and which give a fine education at a reasonable cost. They are within their limitations excellent institutions, and given an Arnold or an Almond for a headmaster they might rise at any time to the front rank, for the ground work is there, and in some cases the traditions.

But they are not among the great public-schools. Their names are not yet household words and passports all over the world where Englishmen congregate.

MORE THAN FOUR.

On the other hand the great public-schools are not limited, as some seem to think, to Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and Rugby. There are many others which are now of equal standing and which confer the same benefits.

To the man who has not had the opportunity of seeing or hearing of life at a great public-school either from inside or from outside, the very words often seem to breathe an atmosphere of snobbery. It is true that when he first goes out into the world, the public-school man is apt to imagine that he is one of a caste and that those outside it can never be quite the same as he is, but he soon gets all this knocked out of him. Even at the university, if he has the good fortune to go to one, he loses much of it, for here he rubs up against men who have never been to a public-school at all, men who have been at other schools of all grades, and men from every quarter of the globe, to whom the public-school tradition is nothing.

The man who is born of a public-school

and if they haven't it does not matter so long as they are good chaps and don't ape what they imagine to be the public-school manner.

The man who sees in every public-school man a snob lays himself open to the suggestion of sour grapes.

It is, with very few exceptions, only at the boarding schools that the real public-school man is bred. At a day-school, however big, a boy is, as it were, leading a double life. He is never quite clear of the home influence, and never quite dependent on himself alone. He is to the public-school boy who is at a boarding school very much as the Territorial is to the Regular. The latter is a soldier when he is in camp or on parade, and the Regular is a soldier all the time, even when he is on furlough.

"BAD FORM."

Half the value of public-school life comes from the close companionship with others of one's own age and class. It is out of school hours and not in the form-room that character is built up, and the public-school boy would rather cut off his right hand than be guilty of anything that custom has decreed to be "bad form."

One often hears it said that the public-school tends to reduce every boy to the same level. Everyone must conform to a type. There is no room for individuality.

All this may be true on the surface of it. The public-school does reduce its pupils to a type—the type of a young English gentleman. But in each of them the character is being formed at the same time. The individuality is there and only needs freedom from restraint to bring it out.

Meanwhile the boy is learning that most essential of all attributes of the gentleman—self-control, while the compulsory games and the school traditions teach him to subject himself to the good of his side or his school.

A PRECOCIOUS YOUTH.

Take the non-public-school boy who has a marked individuality at fifteen. What is he like at twenty, and probably for the rest of his life, unless he has the good luck to have to go through the mill in later years? Ten to one he is a selfish, conceited prig, with no control over his temper and little or none over his passions.

Compulsory games have already been mentioned in passing. There are many who clamour for their abolition.

Do away with them, and you remove one of the fundamental principles of a public-school education. Many boys object to them—none more than the writer did until he attained some slight proficiency at them—but there comes a time when one can look back and realise that there was some truth in that hackneyed remark that most probably Wellington never made, about the battle of Waterloo being won on the playing fields of Eton. (Needless to add, he was an Etonian, but perhaps needlessly and exclusively patriotic to his own old school.)

COMPULSORY GAMES.

There is the moral benefit above mentioned, the obvious physical benefit, and, moreover, the fact that boys unfortunately need to be kept out of mischief. If games are not to be compulsory there will be mollicoddles who will mope about doing nothing when they might be being knocked into men, and fond mothers who are afraid of their sons getting hurt at football and forbid them to play.

Let there be as large a choice of games as possible, and let those who are sufficiently old and sensible to amuse themselves profitably in some other way, do as they choose. But

stock is not usually a snob. It all seems so natural to him that he instinctively assumes that others have been educated in the same way,

let the younger boy take to games and learn the elements of sportsmanship as a matter of course.

Esprit de corps is a good thing whatever the body that promotes it, and at the public-school with all its traditions and its fine old buildings you find it in its best and strongest form.

JOHN GERVAISE.

THE PARI-MUTUEL.

That is the name of the official French bookie. As a good many of us know, betting is done on Gallic racecourses at Government booths; and the odds are, roughly (I am writing without a book), decided by pooling the money invested on losers and dividing it proportionately according to stakes among the successful backers of the winner and the placed horses. Though sometimes the method will be found to work out more advantageously to punters than our own S.P. system, it is often disappointing. Some years ago, for instance, the writer invested in a steeply-framed horse—on an unbacked horse in a chase at Boulogne in which there were five runners. The horse won—but imagine his surprise to find that the odds of his winning worked out at only even money!

WHISTLING.

POINTS THAT MAKE FOR A SUCCESSFUL PERFORMANCE.

Very often, as you sit at your open window in a suburban street, you will hear a carman taking his van leisurely back to the yard, or a workman trudging happily home after a day's toil, whistling, quite unconsciously, of the latest popular marches or else an old-fashioned folk-song. And in a great many cases you will find yourself whistling with interest, because the man is whistling while sometimes the almost excruciating discord will make you shut down your window with a bang.

What is it that constitutes good whistling? In conversation with a music-hall artiste who introduces it regularly into his turn, the writer gleaned some interesting points.

Few thick-lipped men can whistle well, because the mouth must be pursed up so as to form only the minutest outlet for the breath. The man with shortish thin lips, by the way, makes the best whistler. Whistling, by the way, requires just as careful "nursing" as the breath as does singing. Let the average man try "Killarney," for instance, said to be informant, and even if he manages to get through with it all right, which he probably won't, he will hardly have a note left in his throat at the end.

In this connection a very common fault among most whistlers may be noted. Almost everybody, when he finds his breath becoming exhausted, will begin to "whistle in the corner" instead of breathing outwards in the normal way. If you do this you will never whistle musically, for an immediate change of tone is noticeable as soon as you begin to "whistle in."

The way to produce a trill—a very effective little accomplishment in whistling—is to make a sort of "half-funnel" with your tongue, leading up to the mouth, and to whistle staccato breaths, following quickly through your teeth. A great many music-hall performers appear to do this, but the effect is strikingly produced by the very small opening of the mouth and the abnormally strong lung-power which they possess.

Whistling, indeed, if properly performed is one of the best-known exercises for strengthening the lungs.

W. DOUGLAS.

EXPLOITING CHILD ATHLETES

AN EVIL THAT MUST BE CHECKED.

A boxing contest for the "Cigarette Paperweight" Championship of the World has been arranged between an American boy, now staying in England, and the small son of a well-known English sportsman, whom I am surprised to find countenancing such an affair.

Following on this, two little girls are to battle for the under-ten-year-old Golf Championship of England, and I read that a little horsewoman is anxious to jump anybody on handicap terms.

I give no names, because I do not wish further to advertise these infants, but the contests have been publicly announced.

Probably by the time these lines appear other youthful athletes will have issued challenges for the marbles, peg-top, skipping, hopscotch, and feeding-bottle-sucking championships of the world.

Seriously, I take the strongest possible exception to the exploitation of the child athlete, which will do widespread harm unless speedily put down by public opinion.

I base my objection to such contests on the following reasons: First of all, there is the risk of physical injury to the child.

I do not pretend that the two small pugilists are likely to do each other any great bodily harm, but it is clear that when children are set down to do battles for their countries or for championship titles, they will be tempted to over-tax their immature powers. Doubtless it will be said that every effort will be made to prevent them from doing so, but the risk is there, and I don't see how you can obviate it.

CHILDREN AND NERVE

Apart from possible permanent injury to overstrained organs, the child's nervous system is almost certain to suffer.

Children take things quite as seriously as their elders, perhaps even more so, and if grown men feel the strain of important contests, and often "crack" under, is not the undeveloped but highly sensitive nervous organisation of a child likely to be upset by the excitement, the nervous tension, the anxiety to win, the fear of losing, attending such public contests?

This must more especially be the case when every endeavour is made to lend a fictitious importance to the occasion, as is being done in certain quarters.

Doctors and intelligent athletic authorities are agreed that it is most undesirable that boys under fourteen or so should compete at athletic meetings, owing to the strain of running, jumping, and so forth, on the heart and lungs.

Here we have two little boys going to take part in an exercise which bears particularly hardly on the organs mentioned, while so far as concerns the little girls, every golfer knows that golf is a peculiarly nerve-trying game.

THE HARM OF PUBLICITY.

The modern child is too much "forced" as it is, and if competitive sport for children is encouraged it will put a premium on a prematurely exhausted and nerve-ridden future generation.

My next objection is the risk of moral injury to the child. Publicity is bad for children. It makes them vain, egotistical, unnatural, and gives them an entirely false idea of their importance.

Photographs showing the children mentioned in the illustrated newspapers, and will doubtless be followed by pictures of the actual contests.



Notoriety of this kind is not in the children's interests, and I am surprised that parents should be willing to make a newspaper raree-show of their little ones.

Then such contests are likely to give children a mistaken and morally pernicious idea of the aims and objects of sport.

Competition is the curse of modern sport. I admit you cannot eliminate the competitive element from sport, but will any reasonable person deny that it is altogether overdone at the present day?

Has the County Championship improved county cricket? Has not the League Championship practically killed professional football as a sport?

In every direction excessive competition has injured sport. In the old days a man was content to compete for a twopenny-halfpenny prize; now he wants a 100-guinea trophy. To

help in winning championships for country, county, or club, athletes are bought and sold like so much beef or mutton.

A WRONG PRINCIPLE.

Every ideal, every true interest of sport is sacrificed to competition, and to the unhealthy, and unfortunately, growing public appetite for contests in which sport is nothing, the gladiatorial element everything.

Now it is proposed to teach children that sport means record-breaking.

If it is said that I am making a song about two or three contests between exceptionally gifted young athletes, my answer is that the principle of the thing is entirely wrong.

Moreover, will these contests be the last of their kind? I am certain they will not be, that is, unless the public unmistakably show their disapproval of them.

I fear, however, that it is far more likely that other child champions will arise, that countries, counties, cities, and towns will pit their youthful representatives against each other.

From this it will be but a step to the professionalising and exploitation of the child athlete as a money-drawing attraction, and the backers of the children will put them up to all the dirty tricks, the low dodges, the bluff and chicanery that disfigures professional sport to-day.

MONEY-MAKING.

Without making the faintest allusion to the parents of the child athletes who have inspired these remarks, I think there are far too many people already who live on the earnings of their clever children.

I foresee that if the child athlete is permitted to become a public attraction he may be a veritable little gold-mine to the unscrupulous.

The exploitation of the juvenile athlete, unless checked, will be the last nail in the coffin of British sport.

I am mainly concerned, however, with the interests of the children, and I demand that they shall not be crushed beneath the Juggernaut of commercialised, competitive "sport."

H. J. COOK.

MAORI SPORTSMEN.

The Maoris, some of whom are over at the White City, are keen sportsmen. They are fine horsemen, and a favourite sport with them is "driving" wild horses, as game is driven. They are also very fond of football, while billiards is something of a passion with them, for they are born gamblers, and will wager anything on a hundred up.

WHEN IN "FURRIN PARTS." HINTS TO CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

While there has been a considerable improvement in the matter of the British tourist's dress abroad, too many Britons still seem to think that any old clothes will do for the Continent. Or if their clothes aren't old they are wildly and weirdly eccentric.

You may see the Briton strolling in the Champs Elysées in Paris, Unter den Linden in Berlin, or other main streets of Continental capitals, clad in golf attire or seedy flannels.

He wouldn't do that sort of thing at home, and his dress is little short of an insult to the countries and peoples he visits.

My advice, if you are thinking of visiting any great Continental city, is to dress just as you would in London.

There is really very little difference between the well-dressed Frenchman, German, Austrian, Spaniard, or Italian, and the well-dressed Englishman.

The next point is at all costs to avoid trouble with the Continental police or other local officials.

We in England do not understand the tremendous power of officialdom abroad. This is more especially the case in Germany, where the military are paramount, and have practically the powers of life and death over civilians.

Be very careful not to show disrespect to German officers or soldiers or you will get into serious trouble. A friend of mine narrowly escaped imprisonment for laughing at the peculiar, prancing movement of German soldiers marching.

In Germany, too, the domestic sofa is a sacred institution. If you are visiting a German house, don't on any account go and plant yourself on the sofa as you may naturally feel inclined to do, that is, unless you are specially invited to sit there. If so invited remember it is meant as a signal compliment and you should acknowledge it as such.

In France, and indeed all over the Continent, you have to take your hat off a great deal more frequently than you do here.

Whenever you enter or leave a restaurant or café you should raise your hat to the other visitors. Similarly on entering or leaving a shop you should take your hat off to the *patron* (proprietor) or to whomsoever attends to you.

If you wish to ask a stranger, a policeman, or any other official a question, be careful to raise your hat to him.

Don't ask for exclusively English dishes. They will be badly cooked if you get them, and, besides, what's the use of going abroad for ham and eggs and beef-steaks?

If you must have a beef-steak, don't ask for it as such but for a *filet de bœuf*, which is practically the same thing, only it will be perfectly cooked; the beef-steak won't.

The whisky abroad is generally vile, even if you get a Scotch proprietary brand. On the other hand, the brandy, at least in France, is as excellent as it is cheap, and, in moderation, wholesome.

The best plan, as regards restaurant meals, is to put yourself in the hands of the waiter and tell him you want a typical French or German breakfast, lunch, or dinner.

Restaurants that advertise that they cater specially for English visitors are usually snares and delusions.

The best way to enjoy a Continental holiday is to keep a still tongue, refraining especially from open criticism of the country you are in, and to try as far as possible to conform to local customs and habits and to respect the foreigner's prejudices and institutions.

R. B. MARCHANT.



GOLF TROUBLES



AN ARTICLE FOR THE NOVICE ONLY.

With the growth of municipal golf courses, more and more men are taking up the game who formerly shunned it on account of the expense of belonging to a private club.

I am assuming, then, that a municipal links has been opened in your neighbourhood, and that you have decided to give the game a trial. Well, you are like a young bear—

all your troubles to come—and these troubles are very real.

First of all, what clubs shall you buy? The essential clubs are driver, brassie, cleek, iron, mashie, niblick, and putter, and if you can afford it I strongly advise you to get the lot.

THE MINIMUM OF TOOLS.

If funds are low, you can dispense with the niblick, which is a short, heavy iron club, used for getting out of bunkers, and rough ground in general. You can also make shift without either the iron or the mashie.

But if you are ever to play a decent game you must learn to use driver, brassie, cleek, putter, and a lofting club such as the iron or mashie.

As regards balls, I advise you to start with old ones, which you can buy from the professional for from 3d. to 6d. apiece, or "remades," which cost from 9d. to 1s. 3d. each.

You are pretty sure to lose or hack to pieces a good many balls at the start, and this comes expensive, at 2s. a time, which is the usual price for a new rubber-core.

Now, how shall you set about learning the game? The best advice I can offer you is to take lessons from the professional. These will cost you about half-a-crown a time, with a reduction on taking a quantity, but the money will be well spent. If, however, it won't run to this, study the literature of the game before attempting to play, advice which applies equally even if you are going to take lessons.

The public library will supply you with many works on golf. Most of the leading professionals have written on the game, and what they have to say is well worth reading. The Badminton Book on Golf was published a good many years ago, but is still excellent.

STUDY THE RULES.

Most books on golf contain the rules, but you can get them separately from almost any publisher for 2d., and you should do so. The rules are pretty complicated, while it is most important that you should thoroughly learn the written etiquette of the game, so as to avoid giving offence.

The books you read will show you the various stances and grips for different shots and clubs, and you should practise these in the privacy of your bedroom or back garden before attempting to hit a ball.

Even this mild exercise will make you stiff and sore, for it brings into play muscles not commonly used. Beginners often make the mistake of waiting for the stiffness to wear off before trying again, but this simply means a second dose of stiffness. The only cure is to continue the exercise regularly until the muscles have got accustomed to the new strain on them.

Now you may put down a ball. There are many kinds of "captive" balls for practising

driving in a small space, but they are not very satisfactory, and the fear of their failing to act is apt to make you timid in striking, which is fatal.

You can get all the driving practice you need with corks stood up on end. You will soon find that unless you keep your eye fixed on the cork and swing slowly and easily you will not sweep the cork clean away, and thus you will acquire the first principles of successful driving.

What you can practise with an actual ball, however, is short approach shots and putting, and skill in these departments tells enormously on the links.

IN TOO GREAT A HURRY.

The reason so many men fail to attain even respectable mediocrity at golf is that they rush on to the links the moment they have bought their clubs, and never master the elements of the game. If you are willing to give a week to study and private practice before going on the links, except as a spectator, you will have laid the foundations of a good, and possibly a champion, game.

It is on the links that your troubles really begin, and they are legion.

Hazards, such as bunkers, trees, rushes, and so on, are obvious dangers, but what is going to worry you is the "bad lies" you will get sooner or later when playing through the green: that is, after you have driven from the tee, and before you reach the putting green. After a good, straight drive you will find your ball lying in a rabbit scrape, or in the gash left by some bounder who has omitted to replace the turf he has hacked up.

Or you may find it lying in a hollow so that to hit it you have to stand on the slope above it, or conversely the ball may be perched up on a mound and you have to stand below it.

The difficulties of such shots will disconcert you, and you will probably try to hit the ball extra hard. This is just what not to do. Whenever you have a "bad lie" the golden rule is to take extra pains, to swing extra easily and gently, and to make sure of getting well under the ball. When a ball lies badly the tendency is to "top it," so you want to aim low down. It is wonderful how far a ball will fly from a bad lie when gently but truly struck. Putting will worry you a lot, more especially after you have missed one or two "sitters" and have begun to lose confidence in yourself.

WHEN EVERYTHING GOES WRONG.

The secret of successful putting is to draw the club well back and to let it follow through after the ball. Any suspicion of jerk or hitting at the ball is fatal in putting.

Jamie Robertson, a famous player of other days, used to say of golf: "It's aye fechtin' (fighting) against ye," and sooner or later there will come a day when golf will put the kybosh on you, and knock you out flat.

On this dire occasion everything goes wrong. You develop an unaccountable tendency to hook, slice, or top every drive. When you do make a decent shot it gets a bad kick, and runs down a rabbit-hole. You visit every bunker and hazard on the course. Your putts run into the hole only to bounce out again. On the other hand, everything "comes off" for your opponent. According to your temperament you either return home openly blaspheming, having smashed your clubs to smithereens, or consumed with silent, but black and bitter hatred of the game and yourself.

Then you will begin to play golf.

W. J. STUBBS.

ROAST MEALIES.

A very appetising and healthful "savory" for lunch or dinner is roast mealies, also known as maize, or Indian corn.

The dish is very easily prepared.

The mealies must be young, and should be well buttered and peppered, and eaten piping hot.

GONE UP.

THE STORY OF A MAN'S ASCENT.

"There goes a man who has risen." I turned round as my friend spoke. I saw a broad back, clothed by a fashionable tailor, the face was level fronting and I could only guess that it matched the head, which was massive and carried high.

"How did he do it?" I asked, adding with a laugh, "a woman in the case I suppose?"

"No; a child."

"What?"

"Fact. I assure you it was a child who gave that man the upward impetus."

"Oh!" I said. "A sort of cross between East Lynne Nipper and the 'father-come-home' kid."

"No, nothing of that sort," was my friend's answer. "It was just a chance remark made by a street arab."

We had reached by this time my friend's rooms.

"Come in and I'll spin you the yarn if you like." Seated in that most luxurious of dens, lighted up, and he began:

"Of the first eighteen years or so of his life he knows nothing definite. For all practical purposes he started life then."

"He got a post as a clerk—the very worst sort of life for him—all that virile energy and force confined to an office stool. It was like confining a lion in a window box."

"His fellow-clerks belonged to a fast set, and he was initiated into the mysteries of London at night."

"He grew slipshod in his work. Later on his books showed carelessness."

"His employer got rid of him, and there was another post vacant."

"He got caught in that wave of unemployment which periodically sweeps over great cities, and when the wave was spent he had 'gone under'."

Jim stopped and poured himself out a refreshment and I thought of that broad back and massive shoulders and that grand head.

"Yes," said Jim, answering my thoughts, "an artist chap saw him and offered him a situation, accepted for a time. The money he earned enabled him a lodging, and enabled him to patronise Lockhart's restaurants, but the artist lost sight of him."

"A philanthropist found him working in a refuse in an ill-ventilated, dark building, at a less than living wage for hours that comprised more than sixty minutes apiece. And he felt that the sky above the obelisk by the river was not so considerate, so he left the philanthropist's service, and once more became the loafer."

"Yes. I am coming to the child—he was seen sauntering along a mean street off the Mile End Road when he noticed a small kid in distress."

"Hullo!" he said, and stopped.

"Trouble, young 'un?"

"It was pretty evident, for the kid was in charge of a small cart drawn by a donkey, loaded with bits of old iron and other marketable rubbish. By some means the cart had got tilted, and the load, or rather the major part of it, lay in the roadway."

"You can't shift this iron, I s'pose?" And the kid, a small sharp-faced undersized precocious offspring of the slums, took his knuckles to his eyes and nodded.

"Scrap iron weighs heavy, and he hadn't much in the athletic line for some months."

"But the admiration of the Gamin was so hearted. 'Lumme, but ain't you fine! You're nothing a bloke as big and strong as you are not do if he tried.'"

"Shame took him by the neck at that moment, getting the price of his doss out of the pocket of the charitable!"

"That's all," finished Jim, "but the street admiration did what all the charities in the world could not do—gave him the exelsior watch."

A. M. STEWART.



THE WORM



"How d'ye do?" said Mr. Tunks, quite effusively, for all the world as though he had been introduced as the "gentleman." "Come and have a game of billiards."

The clock already marked half-past one, the set time of the hotel lunch.

"Going to have some food in a minute," I said.

"What time's yours?"

"Oh!" He laughed greasily. "Why, mine's a moving feast. Anything from four to half-past six. I was very early for tea yesterday. Got home at eight-thirty for it. The missus was pleased."

"Isn't he an utter little blackguard?" said Deever, quite pleasantly. "Drives his poor little missus half scatty by his behaviour, y'know. Don't you, Tunks?"

"Well, that's because she don't look at things in the proper light," said Mr. Tunks, smiling his appreciation of the distinction conferred upon him by Deever's last words. "She is always harping on the fact that I don't unduly wear out any arm-chair by the happy fireside in my home, sweet home. I point out to her that man is by nature a roamer. I tell her that it's good betting that the prehistoric woman was far fonder of her cave than her mate (and master, sir) who went out hunting the dinner. She gets nasty, then, and says she's only prehistoric as far as her out-of-fashion clothes are concerned—with only a few sun-ray-pleated skirts to her name, and now they're wearing a yard-and-a-quarter kicking-strap. She says she wants me to entertain her. 'What you want,' I tell her, 'is a husband from Keith, Prowse's who can oblige with a few elementary parlour tricks and a song or two as sung by the Follies.'"

"Yes," said Deever, "and, by George, this little undersized rat thinks that's something to boast about. That's right, isn't it, Tunks?"

At that moment three young men in battered Norfolk coats, and wearing besides an air of utter irresponsibility, lounged into the smoke-room, arm in arm.

"Mornin' you Nuts," said Mr. Tunks.

He waved a hand in their direction.

"Three fellers in the happiest state in the world," he said. "They're single."

Mr. Tunks had left a glove on the counter, recognisable as his by reason of the fact that it was of the once yellow suede variety, and very neatly sewn at a seam that had become undone.

"Whose filthy mitten is this?" said one of the "Nuts." "Oh, Tunks's, of course!"

He deftly filched it up with his stick, and held it out at arm's length as a thing unclean.

"Ring for the Boots, Flossie, and ask him to remove this. Fancy leaving a thing your beastly hand has been inside so adjacent to the biscuits and cheese, Tunks."

"Don't trouble the Boots; chuck it over here," said Mr. Tunks mildly.

The young men drank up their beer. Mr. Tunks looked at the clock.

"I'll give the missus a fit by being only a quarter of an hour late for dinner to-day," he said. "Now then, who's coming my way? Fall in the Officers."

I waited for the contempt they would heap on this suggestion. Deever, I noticed, had risen. It was, I expected, more effectively to deliver his fiat that he would not be found dead in his company. Yet, could I believe my ears?

"Half a jiff," he said. "Just coming along, old sportsman."

The three others had already linked arms with Mr. Tunks. They made exit, Mr. Tunks in the centre, with a cheery "Good morning" to the licensed victualler's lady assistant.

Bewildered at these happenings, I sought explanation of the fair Flossie.

"He must be a little wight," I observed mediocrally. "Can't understand how those chaps—"

"Are you referring to Mr. Tunks?" she asked stiffly. "Oh, Mr. Tunks is all right."

So I left, pondering on these things. I confess I was bewildered. In fact, I was not quite sure whether I was mad, or whether all my late companions were.

I should have been bewildered still had it not been for the fact that an after-supper walk found Mr. Tunks falling into step besides me. It had been impossible to avoid him.

Before I could object he had seized my arm, and was addressing me as though I were a life-long friend instead of a casual acquaintance.

"Ah!" he said, "you're just the chap I want to speak to. Can you write in a lady's hand? Because, if so, I want you to send a letter addressed to me at the hotel, askin' me to meet you. Sign it 'Estelle.' I haven't used that name. Put in a few 'darlings' and something about the things I bought you at Russell's. Then another thing—"

"Half a minute," I said. "I'm no good at writing a lady's hand."

"Then perhaps you can get a girl to do it for you on my behalf. My sisters-in-law help me a little. But, you see, they can only manage one fist. And it doesn't give a good impression to be always having a letter from the same girl. I could twig that you saw through my old swank this morning. But you don't want to give it away. These single chaps get too bumptious. They think they're the only ones who can have fresh girls every week. I just like to show 'em there's life in the old dog yet."

He nipped my arm and looked at me gravely. His face looked so comic in the moonlight that I could hardly refrain from laughing.

"Of course, you know," he said, seriously. "I am a dog, really. D'you know, I should be a devil, too, if it weren't for my missus. Why, barring her, I should never have break'ast before eleven or lunch before four. It's in my blood you know. It's a rare good job I'm married. That little check on my actions saves a rare lot of trouble for me. I'm such a nut with the girls that I should always be in a breach of promise case, or some muck-up or another. Marryin' early just saved all that."

"I should probably have got to running away with some blessed girl—an heiress, perhaps. And her brother would have shot me or something. It's a sort of fatal fascination I've got for 'em. I lift up me little finger and they just fall on my neck. I'd have got some fashion-plate for a missus, perhaps, who'd have spent all her money on dress, whereas my missus never worries her head about the fashions at all."

"You know, I believe that girl at your hotel 'ud be very fond of me if she didn't know I was such a devil. She does think I'm a wrong 'un, y'know. But all the time, I'm not, in practice. Still, you can see I'm a bit of a goer at heart, can't you?" he added appealingly.

I nodded.

"When I think what Flossie must think of me!" he exclaimed in awesome glee.

I was unkind.

"She told me this morning that you were one of the best."

"She did?" Poor Mr. Tunks turned a bitterly disappointed face to the moon. "Thank goodness I'm shifting from this district soon," he said.



TERRITORIAL ETIQUETTE.

TIPS BY AN OLD REGULAR OFFICER.

Should you, being a Territorial officer, have your rank and regiment on your visiting card? It is a moot point, the more so that the Territorial soldier has a greater liability and responsibility than the old Volunteer.

This, at least, is true of the men, who are bound for a term of four years, whereas the Volunteer could "chuck it" practically whenever he liked.

The officer, too, cannot resign so readily as in former days, and his duties are heavier and more like the real thing than they were.

Therefore it is not easy to voice any reasonable objection to a Territorial officer describing himself on his card as such, and there is certainly nothing to be said against a senior officer of long service doing so, provided, of course, that in every case it is made unmistakably clear that the officer is a citizen soldier, and that he does not attempt to masquerade as a Regular, for I have known Volunteer officers describe themselves as "Colonel or Major So-and-So," Blankshire Regiment, carefully omitting the words Volunteer Battalion.

Despite what I have said, however, I believe that the best Territorial officers do not attempt to carry their military status into private life, and have official cards for use only when on military service of one kind or another, or when calling on a Regular or Territorial mess.

Should a Territorial salute and "sir" a superior when meeting him in private life? Here a great deal depends upon circumstances, but certainly a Territorial in mufti should not salute anybody. Regular officers out of uniform do not salute. If they wish to show respect to a superior they raise their hat to him.

Moreover, off duty a Regular officer does not "pay compliments" to another unless there is a considerable disparity in rank.

A subaltern will at all times raise his hat to his colonel; and also, if he is a very junior subaltern, to a major; but he does not do so to captains and other subalterns, senior though they be to him.

I think the same rule might be observed between Territorial officers, with a possible exception in favour of young officers showing special respect to their adjutant, who is usually an older man and in a position of greater power and responsibility than in the Regulars.

As regards Territorial officers and men, I think the latter ought always to raise or touch their hats, not so much to the individual as to the commission he holds, whether he is in uniform or not.

I have observed a regrettable tendency on the part of Territorial officers to take their uniform into public bars. This is bad form. I am not alluding to officers entering public-houses when on the march and a halt is called for refreshments or to the case of officers when out for training making a sort of rendezvous of perhaps the only public-house around for miles.

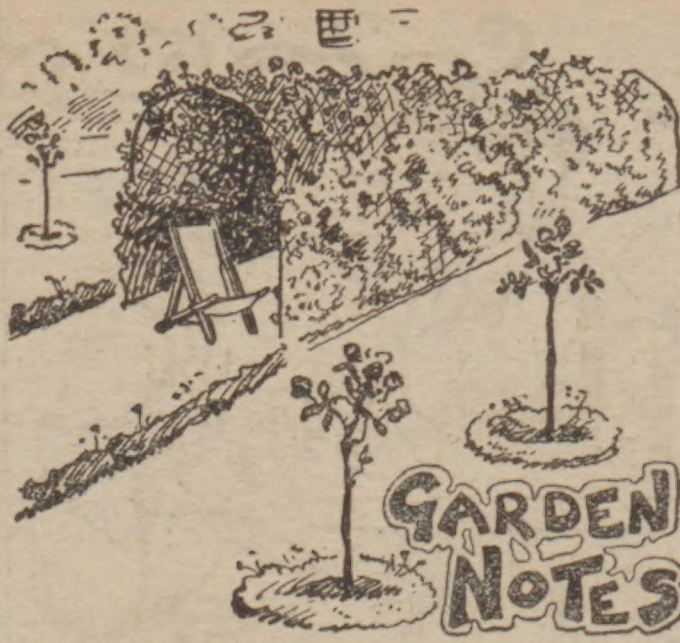
What is objectionable is the practice many officers, more especially young ones, make of dropping into public bars when on their way to or from drill.

Regular officers do not do this sort of thing, and there is no excuse for it, for you can surely do without a drink for an hour or two.

I was sorry, too, the other day to see a Territorial private in uniform pass a funeral without saluting the dead.

Out of uniform you may please yourself whether you salute a funeral or not, but in uniform it is your duty to do so. If alone you should stop, turn towards the hearse and remain at the salute until it has passed.

H. LONG.



WORK THAT IS WAITING TO BE DONE.

July with many a gardener is a month of enjoyment of the fruits of his labours rather than of a continuance of those labours. It is the month when most gardens look their best.

But nevertheless there is work in plenty to be done. There is the necessary mowing, watering, and rolling which is always waiting to be done through the summer, but there is work in the flower beds too.

There will probably be much staking and tying to be done, especially of herbaceous plants, which are now reaching their fullest growth. Another most important point which is very often neglected is the picking-off of dead flowers. This is particularly necessary in the case of pansies and violas. If they are allowed to run to seed, what further flowers they produce will be small, and will become more and more akin to the tiny wild pansy.

Most annuals now require thinning out, especially poppies, of which the seed is so fine that it is almost impossible to sow them really thinly.

For this reason many experienced gardeners mix the seed with silver sand before sowing and endeavour to separate the plants in this way.

Carnations may be layered this month and next, and every possessor of a carnation plant should take advantage of this comparatively easy means of propagation.

The process is as follows. Strip off the lower leaves of the growths at the base of the plant, cut a notch through a joint in the stem, and peg the "layer" down into the ground at the cut part. It should be pegged down sufficiently far for it to be covered with some fine, sandy soil, into which it can root itself.

Layering pins of metal are now sold by any dealer in garden requisites, or they can be made of bent galvanised wire. The old expedient of a stick with a projecting twig is quite serviceable.

About the end of September or in October the layers are cut away from the parent plant when they have roots of their own, and they may then be planted out or potted. The latter is preferable if there is sufficient accommodation, for young plants in the open may suffer during the winter from alternating frosts and thaws.

Carnations are liable to the attentions of greenfly almost as much as roses, and will be the better for frequent fumigating or syringing with quassia solution or some other good insecticide.

Biennials, among which are included Canterbury bells, wallflower, and other plants which will flower next season, are now ready

for "pricking out" or transplanting from the seed-pan or bed into another bed where they will have room to develop and harden before being finally transplanted in their flowering quarters. Some leaf-mould should be mixed, if possible, with the soil, and about nine inches allowed between the plants.

Only those with plenty of space to spare should attempt to raise biennials, for a bed devoted to them must necessarily look formal, dull, and uninteresting until the second year when they are ready for flowering. The small gardener will be able to buy second year plants quite cheaply from a nurseryman.

The budding of roses is a job that should be tackled in July or August, but the amateur is advised not to attempt it without getting an experienced gardener to give him a practical demonstration. The process is a complicated one, and difficult to explain on paper, and a mistake may spoil the tree.

C. B. STAINER.

TAKING TENNIS SERVICE.

Never try to return a serve at lawn tennis while on the move. Of course, I don't mean that you should not run in to take a shot, but some players—rather shady characters they are too—have a trick of serving while you are moving to your place. Don't put up with this. If a man serves before you are in position, call a "let" and insist on having it.

Don't slam at "faults," but let them pass you or turn them aside and off the court with your racquet.

If you slam them back into the net the ball will remain lying on the court and perhaps take your eye off the service or cause you a trip during a rally. In any case slamming "faults" simply means that you unnecessarily tire your eye and arm.

Avoid running round to take forehand serve that comes to you backhand. You may get in your return, but you leave the whole court open to your adversary.

Avoid, too, always returning the ball the same way.

NEW WELLERISMS.
WITH APOLOGIES TO DICKENS'S FAMOUS CHARACTER.

A little goes a long way—as the giant said when he drank off his liqueur glass of Benedictine.

There's no pleasure without Payne—as the playgoer said as he started off to see Tesdall at the Gaiety.

There's always room at the top—as the successful man said as he sat on the high rung, kicking away any others who tried to get up.

Where there's a swill there's a swayer—as the roysterer remarked on emerging at night, a time from the hostel into the night air.

A worm will turn—as the angler said, having ing his nose and extracting some bait that had been in his can for three weeks.

Sweet are the uses of advertisement—as Mr. Winston Churchill said as he engaged a staff of detectives to guard him, and sent notices round to the Press.

Always give and take—as Mr. Lloyd George said when he gave the ratepayers a nice Budget and took their old money.

No news is good news—as Commander Scott said, amid the Antarctic snows, signed with relief at having escaped the penny dailies.

R. W. CRESSY.



The Year's Half-Time

*Ah, make the most of what
we yet may spend.*

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

The time is short. A summer day spent upon the airy downs high up above the seaside world, may seem almost endless. The drifting clouds are in no hurry; the far-off sea glitters; the sun catches a sail and flashes on it white and even dazzling; houses embowered among the trees look as if only summer suns ever shone down upon them. Time seems to be standing still. But time and the hour run through the loveliest day, and every day ends.

Summer has run its first and is now about half way. Your days are still fixed, perhaps, on August, and you will be counting all time wasted till then. When August comes and your fortnight with you will be so near the end of summer that you will sit down and wonder what in the world was here.

THE SUMMER NOW.
You have nothing to show for it, you are in a way to waste all the rest of the summer. If you begin now to enjoy it, you may yet save days from total disappearance from your

ride. You have frittered away days that have been life-memories if only you had your way by map, inquiry, and chance through the steepest hills, flying down the other side; or an hour by the side of a field of corn, deserted except by the winds and birds. In your heart an awful feeling that the summer may go hang while life is so sweet and unnamed and unknown field.

The summer's sun that is setting for you, you have hardly begun to enjoy it, so make the most of it. You have missed the longest days. The days are shorter now—only by a little, perhaps, than last week, still they are

YOUR OPPORTUNITIES.
No longer can you satisfy or drug an uneasy feeling that you have wasted opportunities by saying to yourself: "Never mind, when the days are over I shall be having the time of my life." You get to find some other excuse.

Nevertheless, there is time and opportunity yet. The summer is to come—at any rate for over two months—the earth will be almost at its best along the lanes. The first freshness is gone, truly, but the drab bedraggled look of old age in the trees is still far away.

There is less obvious wild life, though in reality there is much more than ever. The thick, dense masses of the hedge shelter innumerable hosts of young creatures. A great wave of the year's new life is spread far and wide over every field and wood.

Everywhere there are reminders of coming harvest; autumn; and autumn suggests winter; you are not ready for winter, just yet; you are not fortified against it with summer experiences which will mellow into permanent pleasures to be enjoyed in memory over and over again.

So, make haste. Before long the green knobs upon the apple tree will be hardly distinguishable from leaves, will

begin to stand out with a russet flush, and boughs will droop with the weight of fruit, and corn harvest will be over, as hay harvest is already over, and stubbles will give place to brown ploughed land again. Then, perhaps, will come a few golden afternoons, and the cry of the partridge, and mists will rise early and hide the fields, and summer—well, you will be talking of next summer by that time.

If the sea is near you, bathe in it. Walk miles to it if necessary. I never expect a man to walk more than fourteen miles to the sea, and fourteen home again, for a sea bathe. He can do this, though. I have done it, and several friends have done it, so it can be done. We took a whole day in early July to do it, and we did the first and the last miles in daylight.

THE VALUE OF FINE DAYS.

Every fine day goes up in value higher than the previous one, for the reasonable certainty of fine days grows less after half-time in summer.

There are infinitely better opportunities of enjoying country holiday life before the great rush of late July and August. He is a lucky man who can get in his annual holiday before that time. He will have greater choice of service and accommodation, and will pay less. But the unfrequented country is open all the year round to the exploring walker or cyclist, and it is to these rather than to the annual holiday-makers that I would say "make haste."

Like all things else, the summer goes downhill at a rapid pace. Once the climax is reached signs of the waning of the season are always round about.

But there are beauties also in the latter end of summer. There are the still, fragrant glowing evenings, and the nights that are scarcely dark. The whole earth is warmed, and there are no treacherous chills. Frost may appear at midsummer, but never afterwards, until some white morning in far-off October or November.

MIDSUMMER BEAUTIES.

The sea attracts with a more alluring fascination than earlier in the year. Night falls with greater softness, and the air is laden with romance.

From some quiet seat in a garden, looking towards the sea, or from the midst of the million lights of the crowded seaside holiday town, one can sit long and contentedly, watching the little boats crossing the moon's glittering path across the calm waters, and feeling that life is very sweet.

All day long the wind on the heath may have parched your face, the sun may have burned its rays into the texture of your skin, and you may have toiled hard at your pleasure, but to round off the day with a spell of quiet ease, smoking, thinking, listening, dreaming, is best of all, for then the impressions of the day return and find a place in the chambers of memory, open to receive them, so they be pleasant and of the open air.

C. EASTON-GREY.

RE-LIPPING PIPES.

It very often happens that when a man has bought a cheap briar pipe and carefully smoked it into a delightful sweetness he has the misfortune to bite the mouthpiece off. This is because, in an inexpensive pipe, the vulcanite is moulded, not cut, and never of very good quality. The owner of the suffering pipe promptly takes it back to the shop where he bought it, and has another stem put in, for which he will often be charged as much as eighteenpence. As possibly he gave no more than a shilling for the pipe, this looks something like an imposition, a thing that every man resents.

The great tip is to have your pipe "re-lipped," i.e., have the broken stem cut (and slightly shortened) so as to form another mouthpiece. The charge for this should not be more than fourpence.

ARMY CRITICS.

MEN WHO MAKE THE SOLDIER TIRED.

The Army suffers more than any other profession from a multitude of critics, mostly ill-informed.

Of course, other professions are not immune from criticism. Judges and barristers come in for a good deal of comment, and trial by newspaper is far too common. Doctors are subject to vulgar abuse and malicious insinuations, but on the whole the Army is easily first as a target for the critics.

These may be divided into professional and amateur, and the former again may be sub-divided into retired critics and the "grousers" within the ranks.

The retired Army critic is often harmless enough, just a choleric old sportsman who is convinced that the Service has gone to the dogs, and expresses this conviction in language which makes even the hardened club waiters shudder.

Another class of retired Army critic does good and useful work. He finds well-paid work as military correspondent of some reputable newspaper and brings to his work knowledge, acumen, and sound critical judgment.

There is, however, yet another type of professional critic, in no way estimable. He left the Service ostensibly because he was "fed up" with it, but, possibly, the Service had had more than enough of him.

His one object is to fling mud at his late comrades and profession.

The "grouser" in the ranks, commissioned and otherwise, exists, but is seldom heard of by the public except as an anonymous writer of twopenny-halfpenny complaints.

He is in some ways a military "Harriet" who adds to his income by supplying sensational, lying rot to papers of a very inferior order.

Finally, there is the ex-Volunteer or Territorial critic. Sometimes he is quite admirable, but too often he takes to criticising military operations and other big subjects of which he is merely an amateur.

Turn we now to the civilian critic of the Army. You will find him in every class, but chiefly among the baser order of Labour leader and agitator.

He suffers from many delusions. According to him, all Army officers are evil-living profligates and empty-headed fools who are kept in luxury and idleness at the expense of the country.

Civilian critics abound in newspaper offices. Some of them are mere ignorant inklingers, who for a consideration are ready to squirt their fetid fluid at anybody and everything.

There are others, however, for whom I have every respect. They are sincerely interested in the Army and sincerely desire to see it placed on a better basis. The trouble, however, is that they have not got the "hang of things"; they are not acquainted with the real conditions of Army life, and their arguments are based on and their conclusions drawn from mistaken premises.

I know such a one who is a strong advocate of promotion from the ranks. Now there is a good deal to be said in favour of promotion from the ranks. There is no reason why the officers' domain should be a close preserve—I mean no theoretical reason. Give every man a fair chance is a good principle.

But my friend ignores the fact that to accept a commission a man must have private means, and not one recruit in a million is in a position to maintain himself as an officer.

However, one does not object to well-meant criticism of this kind. What the Army officer is tired of is continual abuse and misrepresentation, and that the "worm will turn" is shown by the fact that there is a serious shortage of officers.

NORMAN FRASER.



BOATING ACCIDENTS

HOW THEY ARE MOST FREQUENTLY CAUSED.

Were the subject not so serious one might say that the boating accident season is now in full swing.

The summer death-roll from boating accidents, however, is far too heavy to joke about; this morning's paper records two deaths from drowning through the capsizing of a pleasure boat, and already there have been many others.

The chief cause of such fatalities is the fact that usually sensible people seem to lose their heads when they go sailing or boating.

Men who wouldn't dream of attempting to fly an aeroplane or drive a motor-car or horse without previous and thorough instruction will cheerfully go sailing or rowing, either alone or with companions as ignorant as themselves, without knowing port from starboard or bow from stern.

If you are a beginner, never, never get afloat unless accompanied by an experienced boatman, and even when you have learned the ropes it is very unwise to go sailing or boating alone in strange waters.

I know this is trite advice, but disregard of it annually costs many lives.

Why do people fail to take such an obvious precaution? Partly out of vanity, partly out of economy, partly out of ignorance.

THE UNDESIRABLE EXPERT.

People don't like to have a boatman in charge of them. They want to be free to do as they like, and they fancy that his presence proclaims them as duffers. Then the boatman adds to the expense, and finally people do not realise the dangers of boating. They think that so long as the water is calm there is no risk. As a matter of fact, many accidents happen in dead still water, the apparent absence of danger lulling people into a false sense of security and tempting them to play the fool, and nine out of ten boating accidents are the result of more or less wilful foolishness.

In regard to sailing-boats, hundreds, I daresay, thousands, of lives have been lost through the almost criminal folly of making fast the main-sheet.

The main-sheet is not, as many suppose, the main-sail, but the rope attached to its lower and outer end by which it is hauled in, let out, or kept in position.

THE CAUSE OF MANY DEATHS.

Now continually to hold the main-sheet in your hand is rather tiresome, and also a strain on the muscles, and so there is a strong temptation to make the main-sheet fast to a thwart, pin, or other convenient object. This way lies disaster. There comes a sudden squall, the boat heels over to it, and before the main-sheet can be cast off, thus allowing the sail to swing away from the wind, she has capsized and her occupants are struggling in the water.

To relieve the strain on the arm it is permissible in the case of fairly large craft to take two turns of the main-sheet round some convenient object, the loose end being retained in the hand. Then if a squall comes the main-sheet can quickly be cast off. In the case of small sailing-boats, however, not more than one turn of the main-sheet should be taken round anything, and if you value



your life, it is much better to keep the main-sheet entirely free in your hand.

Worst of all is the far too common practice of looping the main-sheet round your wrist or leg. This simply puts a premium on your being jerked into the water if a sudden squall strikes your boat.

In regard to rowing-boats, and, indeed, all small boats as far as that goes, a frequent cause of accident is standing up in the boat.

You should never stand up in a boat if you can possibly avoid doing so.

Almost equally dangerous is the very common practice of leaning over the side of the boat in order to trail the hands in the water, or to pluck lilies or reeds.

But the most risky practice of all is changing seats in mid-stream or out at sea.

CHANGING SEATS.

Unless it is absolutely unavoidable, seats should never be changed except when in dead shallow water, or otherwise safe.

If for any reason seats must be changed, the best plan on a river is to run the boat ashore and then let the persons who are to change make the move by getting out of the boat.

This reminds me that there is a right way and a wrong way of getting into or out of a boat. The novice almost invariably steps on to the gunwale, putting his whole weight on it, and is thus very likely to overturn the boat.

In getting into a boat you should, if possible, step straight down into it; but if your legs are not long enough to do this, then step on to the centre of a thwart or seat—preferably the middle one. Similarly in disembarking you should make one step ashore from the bottom of the boat, or the centre of a thwart. In any case, always avoid stepping on the side of the boat.

In the case of a boat launched from the beach you should always get in or out over the stern or the bows; never, if it can possibly be avoided, over the side.

HOW TO DO IT.

To return to changing seats. If it must be done in mid-stream or out at sea on no account should either person stand up.

It is a little difficult to explain on paper, but the exchange should be effected by a crawling movement.

Say there are two in the boat—one steering, the other rowing. The best plan is for the oarsman to shift to one side, the steerer simultaneously moving to the other side so as to balance the boat. The steerer then creeps forward on to the seat, and then, but not before he is settled, the oarsman takes his place in the stern.

A final word of advice. Never go rowing without a spare pair of oars in the boat, or punting without a spare pole and a paddle.

E. D. MARSHALL.

CLUB NEWS.

At a recent meeting of the Liverpool MODERN MAN Club it was decided to elect a new committee. This club is doing very well, and all Liverpool readers desirous of joining should write to the Secretary, Mr. H. Jones, at the Liverpool MODERN MAN Club, 8, Upper Baker Street, Liverpool.

WALKING-RACE TACTICS

HINTS THAT MAY HELP YOU TO WIN

Whereas in almost every other branch of sport the greatest importance is set upon the tactical side of a game, race, or contest, a strange but undeniable fact that in walking races, competitors are apt to disregard tactics almost entirely. Yet they are often as successful in a ten-mile walk as they are in a half-mile running race.

Naturally the nature of a walker's tactics will vary very much in accordance with the length of the race with which he is engaged.

For instance, in a sprint, say over a mile or so—a favourite distance at a many club sports—there is hardly any room for tactics at all. You should simply go as fast as you can go from start to finish.

In a short race of this kind it is impossible to hang back with your field. Get a lead as possible and maintain it to the end. You will be all right.

It is easy to understand that a burst of speed over even so short a distance as a mile will take it out of you enormously if your legs are not in proper condition. In this case your Achilles tendon will probably before you have done more than two hundred yards—that is, if you are in correct style. This is a regular leg from the hips, with a dead straight line, a dead straight line, turning the toes, a little inward.

With regard to tactics over a distance, say, five miles, opinions differ; but this, haps, embodies the view of the majority of experts. A really speedy walker, who stays well, should get away as fast as possible so as to obtain, after the first mile or so, commanding a lead as to allow him to come home easily and comfortably.

If he finds that there are one or two men in the race as speedy as himself, he should keep alongside of them, try to find out their tactics. If he sees clearly that they are trying to break the pace so as to wind him, he will not be wise to drop behind gradually and let them wind themselves.

This he may do up to any distance under and-a-half miles. After that time he should do his best to be up with the leaders. Of course, at no time in the race should he let himself get so far behind speedy walkers as to have no chance of overtaking again.

A rather fatiguing but fairly paying use of tactics in a walking race along roads is to put on a little spurt when approaching a corner so as to be able to take the corner without bumping your nose against taking his ground. A turn in a road will often mean a loss of several yards to the man who has to take the wider part of the turn.

Here is a hint to the stayer off with simple. A fast man will jump off with a lead, and the stayer will lose sight of him and possibly be put off his form with a doubt as to whether he will be able to catch other up again. This may—and will—lead him to exert himself unduly.

What a good many first-class walkers do is to find out, some time before the race, the fastest time—or else the slowest time—for the distance. Then they go to a timed practice spins over the course, note their time for the first mile, the second mile, and so on, and endeavouring to do the same in something like record time.

Thus, when the day of the race arrives and they line up for the start, they are usually easy in their minds. They do not have to tance against the clock, and though a fast man may "miss" them at first, they are able to manage to catch and pass him in the end.

A. GIBSON.

DANGER



THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

CONFESSION, OF INTEREST ONLY TO A FEW.

What is known as the artistic temperament is little more nor less than an exaggerated impression-ability. It is a sensitiveness to a wider range of emotions than falls to the lot of the average man.

That is why poets are often prodigal with interperance and de- habits. By descending to the equivalent to their rising to heights, they maintain a balance which serves to preserve their sanity. They fail to do this they die.

It is not to be thought that the artistic temperament neces- sarily stimulates genius. It is im- possible to be a genius without an artistic temperament; and it is quite possible to have an artistic temperament and still fall short of genius.

It may simply be a tongue- sufferer of torments. The man who can express his torments—express them so beautifully and fully that others recognise them and are com- pelled by the discovery that another has suffered like themselves.

POWER OF EXPRESSION.

It is not to possess the artistic tem- perament in a minor form, is to increase the power for happiness as well as one's power for unhappiness. What might appear to the ordinary man as a dull, un- clouded sky, is for the artist a canopy of exquisitely diversified

of riotous skyscapes of Turner, the actual of which so few of us have seen, are not mere revelations of natural phenomena, but an in- ward revelation of the inward spirit in nature.

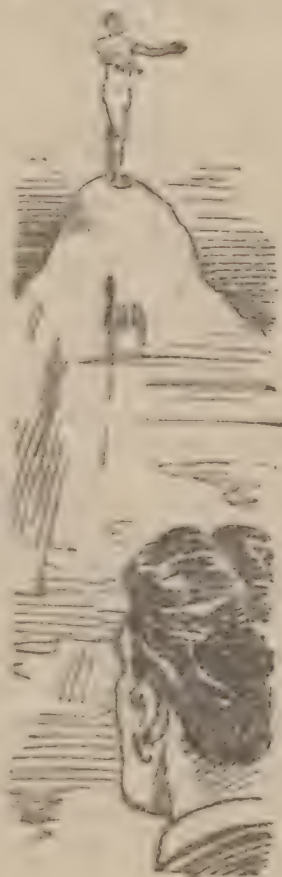
The quality of the artistic temperament is not to perceive the world as it is, but as it is on the day after to-morrow. It is in- cessantly new impressions. It is in- cessantly alive, it regards with the in- terest that which is alive about

the outer evidences of the senses rather than the insatiable curiosity of the heart, which is in darkness for an answer to in- comprehensible problems. It will not make its peace with helplessness—the helplessness that man never overcome—nor accept the philosophy which rests content with ignorance.

THEY ARE "LAZY."

The physical indolence which is so notice- able a feature of men with the artistic tem- perament is less due to sloth than to an ex- cessive occupation of mind. Like Voltaire, they had the opportunity, many would have it, of reflections on the wonders and possibilities of the world.

It is not to the dreamers, but to the artistic temperaments that humanity is indebted. The imperishable among the arts are those whose artistic temperaments have answered. They cried out into the void in music, in painting, in sculpture, their souls remain what they knew.



And is it ever realised the price they paid for their articulateness? Is it re- alised that men of the artistic temperament, whether small or great, cannot become expressive without experiencing tortures in- describable? Tortures which some- times become abominable?

You enter your picture-gallery and gaze about you perfunc- torily. You listen to music and are pleased and emotionally stirred by it. You read your books, you pay your pence for journals. And probably it has never occurred to you that these things are made possible by agonies and bloody sweat. For all you know, you may be pur- chasing for your shillings and coppers, strips torn from a man's soul.

When Tschaiikowsky conceived his poignant Pathétique Symphony he shed bitter tears for many hours.

Keats wrote — and there is a vacuum of despair in the words—

*When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
Then on the shore*

*Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.*

Even the printed page before you which at present you are negligently reading; you fancy, perhaps, that some idle devil of a literary person has just knocked it off in the odd hour or so between one amusement and another.

REACHING OUT.

Yet, far otherwise, between the conclusion of one paragraph and the beginning of another, there may have been an interval of darkness and black battling with devils.

The man with the artistic temperament comes constantly into conflict with impotence. He is for ever interlocked in a struggle with the inexpressible, for ever anguished in the knowledge of his own limits, for ever des- perately refusing to believe in them.

He stretches up a puny hand to tear down the curtain of the Invisible. He would rend the Veil.

And the prison-walls of Life enclose him.

Yet there are moments of respite, periods of bright, sweet serenity. The sun shines goldenly on peaks. High up, airily on tip- toe, the soul stands surveying the world.

It is evidence of the eternal compensation working within all things that profundity is balanced by height.

A SERVANT OF HUMANITY.

The worth of the man with the artistic tem- perament is not what he takes from but what he gives to mankind. He should be an altruist in excelsis. His life should be a dedication.

He is not endowed with the instruction that comes by pain for his own glorification, but for the good of the community. He is a provision by God to supply a need. He is necessary to the Scheme.

And afterwards, when his little course has run—what then?

Oblivion? Or the reading of the Purpose? Or, perhaps, a world "remoulded nearer to the heart's desire"?

What does it matter!

Life is. Eternity is a dream.

A. G. STORM.

THROW-OUT TACKLE.

Fishermen at Dover, and, in general along the East Coast, have an ingenious device for throwing a line out a long way from the shore.

At one end of the line is a button, then comes a short piece of line, to which is at- tached a lead weighing about 1lb. To the sling line, as it is called, is attached the main line, carrying about a dozen hooks on 7in. snooding, which may be of gut, hemp, gimp, or anything you like, and placed about 14ins. apart.

The sling is a springy, ash stick about 5ft. long, and having a two-pronged fork at one end.

The hooks having been baited, the fisher- man coils the line on the shore, except the baited part, attaching the shore-end of the line to a big stone or other suitable object.

He then places the button in the fork of the stick and slings the line far out to sea.

TAKING UP ROWING.

SHOWING HOW MOST MEN OVER-RATE THE EXPENSE AND TROUBLE.

Why is it that comparatively so few men take up that most useful of all-round exercises, rowing? Probably because a great many have had no opportunity for active partici- pation in any kind of sport until comparative success in business allows them a certain amount of leisure and money; and because they have an idea that rowing is one of the more exclusive forms of recreation that offer themselves only to the public-schools, the universities, and the wealthier section of the community.

This idea, however widespread though it is, is quite erroneous, as will readily be realised by a visit to the many boathouses between Putney and Mortlake. Here on a sunny Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning, you will see scores of men going out in eights, fours, double scullers, and singles—good chaps and sportsmen all, but hardly one of whom, perhaps, could be described as "well off." A great many of the clubs, too, are composed of employees of the big West- End commercial firms; and very good crews they turn out, by the way.

It doesn't matter if you have never pulled an oar in your life. So long as you are able-bodied and fairly fit, you will have no diffi- culty in gaining admission to some club or other. A great many, in fact, are short of members, and will gladly welcome you. If you are a novice, don't worry. They will understand, and a little "tubbing," and so on, with some other beginners will soon pull you into shape.

The cost of joining a rowing club compares favourably, too, with many another sport. The subscription is rarely more than a guinea a year; and your outfit, including a half- guinea blazer, cap, and sweater with your club's monogram on it, will run to about another guinea. And as the "spins" take place almost invariably over the same course, your fares, especially if you live near, will be far less than if you belonged to a cricket club which was always playing matches away.

In the winter, too, a rowing club is a jolly institution to belong to, as anybody who has attended a rowing "smoker" will be able to testify.

T. F. SHARKEY.

A BOXING SECOND.

POINTS THAT GO TO MAKE A GOOD ONE.

More fights—or, rather, contests—are won by a boxer's second than most people would imagine; for it is widely recognised among exponents of the noble art that a good second is more than half the battle, and a bad one is almost worse than none at all.

In illustration of this, it may be noted that there are a great many experts in America who assert that it was Jim Corbett who lost Jeffries his fight with Jack Johnson. He is a great boxer, they say, but he is no good at all as a second. He has no idea of "generalling" another man's fight.

When Jeffries was weakening against an obviously cleverer man than himself, declare these critics of Corbett, he should not have boxed with Johnson; he should have fought him; rushed into him, and taken a sporting chance of getting in one of his terrible punches. If he had been able to do this, they say, the result of the fight might have been different.

But Corbett gave exactly opposite advice. He told Jeffries to box his man; and in this way "Jas. J." tired himself out to no purpose.

Be this as it may, a man's second is of incalculable assistance to him both morally and physically. The panting fighter recovers confidence and enthusiasm from the second's cheery advice and encouragement, at the same time as his bruised body and quivering limbs are regaining strength and comparative well-being as a result of the other's expert ministrations.

In the latter connection namely, the flapping of the towel and the application of the soothing cold sponge—the services of the second are not so urgently required in amateur boxing as in the realms of professionalism. This is because the great majority of amateur competitions are won through quick and clever sparring—light sparring, too, mind you—and are mostly decided "on points." It is only the very few, among the amateurs, who know how to "hit," so that they fall back on light and rapid "flicking" for points.

The professional, on the other hand, is continually manœuvring for a "knock-out." He pounds away at his opponent's face and body—the latter for preference—with a masterly combination of power and science. Consequently, at the end of every round he is in extreme need of physical restoration. Often the amateur will hardly have turned a hair. He will hardly ever be seen to be bleeding anywhere. All he wants is to cool down and get his breath back.

But what he *does* want, apart from this, is advice as to how he shall spar the next round. The second often tells his opponent's form and detects his weak points better than the boxer himself. He is, indeed, in a much more opportune place to take the whole contest in. Consequently he is eminently qualified to act as the "brain" of his charge.

According to the rules laid down by the National Sporting Club, which are, practically without exception, followed by every boxing organisation throughout the country, "the seconds shall leave the ring when time is called, and shall give no advice or assistance to the contestants during the progress of any round."

Another significant rule is that "the breaking of any of these rules by a contestant or his seconds (the italics are ours) shall render such contestant liable to disqualification."

That the latter rule is not always carried out, however, is shown by the fact that in a recent fight water was thrown over one of the men by his second during a round; and the referee on that occasion took no action in the matter.

J. G. HAYWARD.

MY NOTEBOOK.

TERRITORIAL SLACKERS.

I have received from a reader in Nottingham the following letter, which is of interest to all concerned in the Territorial Force.

"As you are so keenly interested in Territorial matters," he says, "and your paper has much influence with members of that Force, I take the liberty as an old Volunteer (with eighteen months' war service) to criticise and offer a few suggestions."

"On Thursday the Robin Hood Rifles were in procession here, and a large percentage of these men were so poor in physique—flat chests, round shoulders, and knock-knees—as to cause comments and laughs from women and girls amongst the sightseers, and to cause more seriously-minded people to be ashamed of the sight."

"Can we expect these men, who have not pride enough to keep their shoulders square and a smart appearance generally, to think of the honour of regiment and country in the trying times of war?"

"Can you not, through THE MODERN MAN, bring home to the Territorials two facts? First, that every smart man has reason for personal offence with the untidy and round-shouldered variety; and second, that the latter are not only a disgrace to their regiment and their country, but also a serious drawback to recruiting and to keeping time-expired men in the corps."

THE LONDON SCOTTISH.

I remember on one occasion, seeing a march past of the London Scottish, which is one of the finest Territorial units in London.

I was standing in the crowd, and there were women, young and old, beside me. "Why do so many of them wear spectacles?" asked one. "Bit rough if a bullet came along, what?"

With the usual feminine instinct she got to the heart of things.

When you join the Territorials you have to prove yourself sound in all respects, and particularly regarding eyesight; but, after you have joined, there is nothing to prevent your wearing eye-glasses or spectacles if you desire to do so. It seems to me, however, that eye-glasses and spectacles are very much like false teeth. They are the sort of things that are useful but that one does not desire to flaunt in the face of the public, particularly when one is wearing His Majesty's uniform.

The best of our Territorials make it their aim and object to appear as nearly as possible like Regulars. I do not think that one would be likely to meet a Regular soldier wearing eye-glasses or spectacles, and I venture to suggest that on such occasions as the march of the London Scottish, to which I have referred, the men should have put these correctives of physical deficiencies into their pockets.

There are times when a man may want to wear spectacles, but surely he does not need them when he is marching, and he looks very much more soldierly, without them.

HORSES IN PROCESSIONS.

In various newspapers there have appeared comments upon the equestrian part of His Majesty's Coronation procession.

The horse of one Indian officer reared back and fell and rolled upon him, and the officer in question got up and remounted.

Another officer, commanding one of the detachments of the Canadian troops, was thrown from his horse in the procession, and had his skull fractured.

Suggestions have been made in various quarters that horses are unsuitable for such processions as these, and I am inclined to agree with that opinion.

During the Coronation procession many of the horses shied at the pet goat of the Welsh Fusiliers. I do not know why it is, but horses dislike goats.

THE INTRODUCTION.

I think I have already confessed that the first time I mounted Atholl he threw me very adroitly over his off shoulder.

I did not resent his method of making my acquaintance. I bought him when he was rather less than half broken in, and he may have had some sort of instinctive collection of the fact that his great sire, Blair Athol, was a Derby winner, and was reputed to be the most vicious horse ever won the Derby.

I bought Atholl first and foremost because I liked him. I ran my hand over his head and found them sound. There was no fault about him that I could find fault with. I examined him in his stall he twisted his head across my shoulder, and drew his back caressingly against my ear. The business was thereupon completed, for I think that the value of a horse lies in your liking for him, and his for you.

When he was delivered to me, he was what a horse man would call "very green," and I had to teach him most things.

A HORSE'S PET AVERSIONS.

For some reason or another I had a tremendous aversion to goats, pigs, and little children. I bought him on Saturday afternoon. We got to know one another better before I brought him back to the evening.

On the Sunday morning I took him to the country roads were slippery. We were trotting along at a nice easy pace, when suddenly without the faintest warning, he wheeled about. I admit that I was surprised at the chief emotion was one of gratification at the fact that I still remained upon his back. His movement was unexpected. I brought him to the rightabout, and discovered that in front of us there was a goat browsing contentedly on a patch of common beside the road.

It took me about a quarter of an hour to get him past that goat, but eventually I succeeded, and when once we had got past I brought him back to it, and made him quite close to the goat, and thus acquainted with it.

Another morning during the first week of my possession of him he stopped suddenly. We were trotting along a lane, and began to play various equine tricks of the usual description, with a few additions of his own in which he is more or less of an expert.

For the moment I could not think of the matter, but on looking over the field at the side of the road I discovered that there were two or three pigs in the field.

I do not know why goats and pigs upset horses, but apparently it is so. I know why little children should make them balk, but such is the case with a "green" horse.

In these things it is, of course, a question of time and patience.

In the case of processions through cheering crowds, however, I am inclined to think that a horse is not a reliable means of locomotion. He is not accustomed to crowds and cheering and anything to which he is not accustomed makes him afraid.

Why a horse should be such an animal toward I do not know, but the fact remains.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



BREAKS.

HINTS ON MAKING THEM.

By A BILLIARD PROFESSIONAL.

Every billiard-player aspires to make breaks, and is not a little proud when he makes his first run of over thirty points. But probably the great majority of casual players have never even reached this total. Their average score is calculated would fall about at the humble two. It is a pity, however, that if men gave more thought to the points that go towards constituting a break, instead of devoting all their care to stroke play, the standard of form would be raised considerably.

What are the chief considerations in the making of big breaks? In the first place consistency is, in reality, almost another word for "lack of nerves." Given two players of equal skill, it is invariably the case that the "nervy" man will beat the other. Billiards is essentially a "brainy" game. A player's mind must be working at full stretch from the marker's cry of "Give one" to the solemn "Game, gentlemen!"

Consequently, it is easy to see that for one's imagination counts for a lot. If you are at the start that you are out of form and sure to play badly. But persuade yourself at first that your eye and hand are well, and lo, and behold! you will not find yourself mistaken.

Every player has been told at some time or other that to make breaks it behoves him to work at his best one's nerves must be in the best of health. Now this is very well for a practised professional, whose strokes will all be so similar that he will have no trouble in memorising their sequence.

But to an amateur—even a good one—this kind of seeing a certain number of strokes and doing infinitely more harm than good. It is better to see three strokes in your mind's eye, and actually prevent yourself from making one.

What one should strive for is to play each stroke in the easiest, not the showiest, way, and such a manner as to leave another easy shot "on." This, in other words, is seeing one stroke ahead; and if you can do this you are all right. Continue to see one easy shot ahead; time after time, play these shots carefully and coolly; and a break of over fifty strokes will begin to appear simple to you.

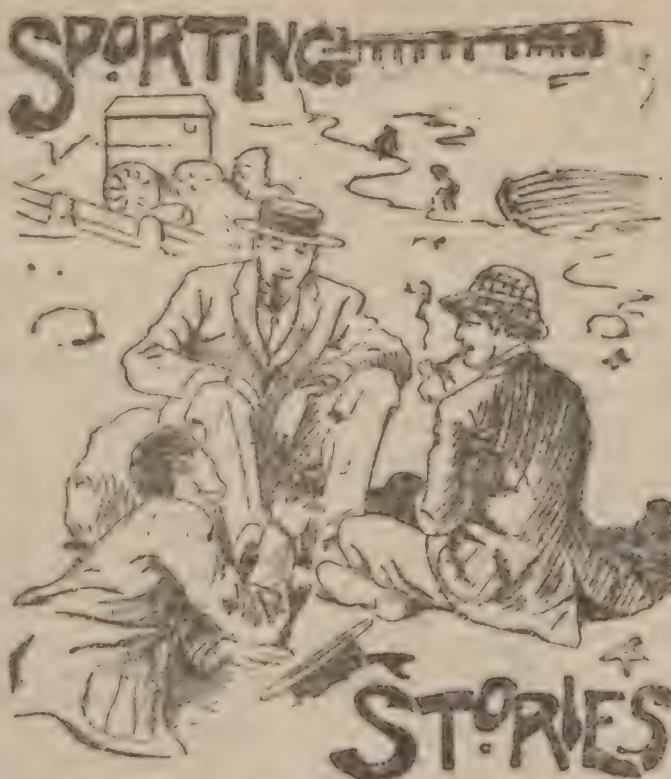
Further specialise in short losers. Have your cue watched a professional go to the table, say, is three-quarters of the way up the cushion, the red, is opposite the left-hand middle pocket and about eight inches away, and the player is in hand.

Many men would place their ball on the left of the baulk semicircle, and to the right of the all-round cannon from the red to the white. But it would be far better to bring it off the red, in such a way as to bring it off the top cushion, back down to the white, and so leave the way clear for a series of nursing cannons.

There are a few minor points that will help more than a little: Take your time over every shot. If your adversary is unsporting enough to say such things as "Play up, man. Get it over!"

Don't smoke while you are playing. Don't smoke the easiest of straight cannons. And remember that proportionately, you will often show better play in scoring thirty than in a big break.

G. J. C.



FINISHED.

"I understand," said the visitor, "that your son is quite a finished motor-cyclist."

"Yes," said the man. "He finished yesterday."

"I don't quite understand. What do you mean?"

"His motor-cycle blew up."

INEXORABLE.

It was during the Coronation festivities in a certain provincial city.

A big civic banquet was the event of the day, and many new servants had been engaged to attend to the guests. The man at the door was quite unacquainted with the personnel of the officials and their wives.

A lady stepped down from her carriage, and approached the entrance to the banquet hall.

"Ticket, please," said the new guardian of the portals.

"I've lost my ticket," she said, "or I've left it in the carriage, but it doesn't matter. I'm the mayor's lady."

"Madam," he said, "I can't admit you without a ticket, even if you were his wife."

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE.

"So this," said the friend of the builder, as he contemplated the extremest villa at the end of Jerrybuilt Avenue, "is your last house."

"Yes," said the builder; "it's last but not yet leased."

REAL DIPLOMACY.

"My wife," said the first man, "is the most diplomatic woman on earth."

"Why do you think so?" asked the second.

"Well, the other day, an old bore—friend of the family, you know—called to see us. I left her with my wife, and after an hour, supposing that she had left, I went into my wife's drawing-room, and said:

"So the old (she) dog has gone!" and there, when I looked round the room, was the old beast still sitting comfortably beside the window.

"Yes," said my wife, "she's gone, poor thing. We sent her to the dogs' home this morning. It's better that she should be put out of her pain."

THE ROAD AT NIGHT.

A BIT OF THE COUNTRY.

By six o'clock or half-past-six every evening the road is deserted by all human beings. At these hours there pass a few labourers. They come from tracks through the woods, from back-lying farms, and tramp slowly past on the way to the hamlet up the road.

And then the road knows another sort of life. From the hedges there appear many four-footed inhabitants of the adjacent woods. What it is that induced so many creatures to leave the shelter of their own natural environment it is hard to say. One is almost tempted to believe that these creatures of instinct are moved by a desire for novelty. Otherwise they can have little pleasure in the road.

Nevertheless, they come out from every gap and by innumerable runs through the tangle of the hedge.

The road seems to be as attractive to them as a playground, as it was to the village children a few hours ago.

Rabbits are, of course, most numerous. They will hop carelessly out into the middle of the road and sit for long spells as if enjoying the change of air. In the growing dusk one can, from over the garden hedge, make out the little brown forms in both directions.

They share this love of the road at night with many other creatures. The hedgehog noses about with just the same appearance of interest. One can hardly walk a hundred yards up the road without seeing that round, slow-moving, bristly ball hobbling away into the grass.

The humane cyclist, anxious to "live and let live," has a difficult job to avoid the heavy, hopping frogs and toads that career to and fro on the hard and gritty surface. All the beetles and moths that fly by night seem to choose the road also, so that the casual walker or cyclist is an alien, beset by these creatures on every hand.

From far up the road the steady sound of the bicycle-wheel can be heard, or the measured tramp of some long-distance walker. At long intervals a motor-car will find out the road. Then for hundreds of yards in contrast with the night sky, the white road will stretch ahead into dusk again, and there will be a great scuttling away out of the track of the noisy thing.

It passes with a rush and a cloud of dust, but soon the road is still again. The dust has settled, the coast is clear, and once more from the hedges there comes the strange population of the woods and wilds, to potter and play, and sit and feed upon the hard road until to-morrow brings its human traffic and the little creatures disappear.

A. C. SPARKS.

A Tobacco Discovery.

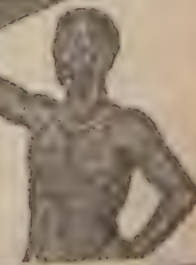
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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

SIDE AND BACK MUSCLES.



It is impossible to treat the muscles of the back and side separately, for the simple reason that the principal muscle of each is the same. This is the Latissimus Dorsi, and extends on each side from under the armpit

to the centre of the back, where it broadens out, so that it is one of the largest muscles of the body.

This muscle is called into play by almost every exercise done with the chest expander.

Special attention should be paid to the development of this muscle by those who are desirous of increasing their chest measurement, and in any case its proper development is essential to the possession of a good figure.



Keep the left arm close to the side.

Among the other muscles with which we are specially concerned this week is the Erector Spinae, the muscle in the small of the back which enables one to stand erect after stooping or to raise weights from the ground.

The External Oblique is another most important muscle which comes under the Latissimus Dorsi on each side, and at its lower extremity extends round both at the front and the back. It was mentioned last week in my article on the abdominal muscles as it is developed by many exercises intended primarily

for the latter.

In the back about the lower part the shoulder blades there are four small muscles, known as the Infra Spinatus, Feres Major, Feres Minor, and Rhomboideus, while above them, extending from the top of the shoulders in pointed form down the back are the two Trapezius muscles.

The latter are used in shrugging the shoulders, and also in raising the arm overhead.

Now let us turn to the exercises best calculated to develop these muscles.

The first one illustrated will develop principally the Latissimus Dorsi and the External Oblique, the muscles of the side. Stand erect with arms by the sides and the fists clenched. Carry the right fist up the side, bending the arm at elbow and wrist, until the fist is in the armpit and the elbow above the shoulder.



Exercises many muscles besides those of the back and side.

At the same time stretch the left hand as far as possible down the left thigh.

Having reached the position illustrated, pause a moment and then return to the starting position, and repeat the process with the position of the arms reversed.

Another exercise which will affect chiefly the same muscles is the following: Stand at attention and extend the arms horizontally at the sides. Lunge forward smartly with the left foot, and at the same time swing the arms round into the position illustrated, bending forward and bringing the left arm, with fist clenched, down between the legs, while the right arm is raised immediately above

the head. To do this the shoulders must be twisted so as to be at right angles to the direction in which you were originally facing.

The trapezius muscles will also be greatly developed by the movement of the arms in this exercise.

Repeat the exercise lunging to the right and reversing the position of the arms.

For the third exercise a good strong chair will be necessary. Lie across the seat of it in the



Keep the legs motionless.

position illustrated, with the right thigh on the seat, and the right hand resting lightly on the corner of it.

Now raise and lower the body slowly, so as to bring the side muscles into play,

but only move the trunk. The position taken up should be such that the legs balance the upper part of the body.

Repeat with the left thigh on the chair.

The next exercise is one of the resistance kind and will benefit the deltoids or shoulder muscles as well as those above mentioned.

Stand in an easy position and place the left hand on the top of the head, while the right arm is carried across the body so that the hand may hold the side.

Press the head and shoulders over to the right, at the same time exerting the neck and back muscles to resist the pressure of the arm.

When the movement has been carried as far as possible, relax the pressure, reverse the position of the arms, and press the head to the left with the right arm, the left arm being across the body.

For the fifth exercise place the hands lightly on the back of the head. Stand with the legs apart, and bend the body slowly over to the right as far as possible. Then raise it slowly to the perpendicular and continue the movement without a pause, bending down to the left.

Let the only movement be sideways and do not bend forward or backward.

There are numerous other exercises which are to be recommended to those anxious to devote special attention to these muscles, but lack of space forbids me to give illustrations of all of them.

One of the best is as follows: Stand erect with the heels together and extend the arms horizontally at the sides. Now bend alternately to one side and to the other, keeping the arms in the same relative position, and bending only from the waist.

Another good exercise for the shoulder and back muscles can be performed with the aid of a towel and a chair.

Sit on the chair, bend forward, and hang the towel over your neck, holding the two ends in your hands. Now endeavour to raise the body by means of the back muscles, at the same time resisting by pulling on the towel as hard as you can with the arms. If the strain is put on

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properly, the body will remain practically motionless, but if the muscles are genuinely exerted they will be greatly developed.

Useful variations of the exercise of bending from side to side, can be introduced by altering the position of the arms. For instance, instead of extending them horizontally as above suggested, one may be extended vertically above the head, while the other—that on the side towards which you are bending—hangs stiffly by the side and the hand of it passes behind the thigh as the shoulder is lowered.

Again, both arms may be held over the head, being retained in the same relative position to the shoulders as you bend.

Every alteration in the position of the arms will cause a slight difference in the way in which the back muscles are exercised.

Few muscles in the body are more important than those with which we have been dealing, from the point of view of ordinary, everyday life. It is principally these which are used in lifting weights, shifting heavy furniture, and so on.



Simple, but effective.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. F. G. (Ware).—There is no such being as an "ordinary normal mortal." Everyone has some slight abnormality, and a particular course of exercises may not agree with it. So far as I know the system you mention is an excellent one, but if unsatisfactory, I can only recommend you to try that of some other physical culture expert.

C. D. W. (Ealing).—Practise all the abdominal exercises I have given on this page, and be very careful with your diet.

"ARDENT FOLLOWER" (Manchester).—The exercises given this week should be especially useful to you. Many of those mentioned in my recent article on chest development would also be most profitable. If the curvature of the spine is a serious one, I should advise you to put yourself in the hands of an expert, but if it is merely a matter of a defect in carriage you should be able to correct it yourself.

W. F. M. (Swansea).—Ordinary dumb-bells are very inexpensive. A shilling or so would purchase a light pair.

Do YOU want a fine physique? If so Write **TO-DAY** for my free booklet "Physical Culture." This booklet explains the advantages of **MY SYSTEM** which is unequalled.

H. STORY.

"Hercules House," Greenwood Rd., Crossin.

£4 to £7 WEEKLY
BY MEN and WOMEN at HOME or TRAVELLING
LET US START YOU.

No experience needed. Our Agents made over £5,000 last two months, supplying the enormous demand for our famous CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, and appointing Sub-Agents. Blake, of Wolverhampton, made £92 the first month. Mr. Kitson, of Blackpool, made £31 the first month. Miss J. W. made £63 while teaching. J. W. made clerk, £39 in six weeks.



EVERYBODY BUYS business, health, and physical culture. Write for Agent's position No. 1, and get the full particulars from THE MODERN MAN, CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, (Dept. 556), 205, Regent Street, London, W.

CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, (Dept. 556), 205, Regent Street, London, W.

MAXICK & SALDO, The greatest Physical Culture :: :: Experts of to-day.

The greatest achievement in the history of Physical Culture

Maxick's almost superhuman performance of lifting double his own weight, and two stone on top of it, to arms-length above his head. This is all the more remarkable when it is explained that Maxick is not a weight-lifter, the feat being performed without any particular science being brought into it.

The day of rubber exercisers and apparatus almost over, Maxick's pupils and Maxick himself having clearly demonstrated that this "fenny rubbish" retards development after a certain amount of muscle has been obtained, and prevents the student attaining his full physical development.



MONTE SALDO.

Height, 5ft. 5in. Weight, 10st 5lb. Chest (exp.) 45½in. Neck, 17in. Biceps, 16in. Forearm, 13in. Thigh, 23in. Calf, 15in.

Here are a few of the performances of Maxick and his pupils, these men having reached their enviable condition by the study of muscle control, with the conservation and distribution of energy, as discovered and taught by Maxick.

Maxick lifted at 10st. 7lbs. a single-handed jerk of 232 lbs., a two-handed press of 254 lbs., a two-handed clean lift of 272 lbs., and a two-handed jerk of 322 lbs.

Monte Saldo, without training, created two British heavy-weight weight-lifting records—



A PUPIL.

Showing "Maxick One-sided Abdominal Control."

viz., 202 lbs. one hand clean all the way, and a snatch of 149 lbs., both lifts being performed with the left hand.

Josef Wuhr performed a world's record at 9st. 7lb., by lifting 280 lbs. above his head in a double-handed jerk.

H. E. Broom, of Hull, performed a junior world's record by pressing 209½ lbs. above his head with one hand.

We also had the pleasure of training Edward Aston against Inch, for the Heavy-Weight Championship of Great Britain.

Aston, although the lighter man, by more than two stone, had a "walk-over," much to the surprise of those not in the know. It is also worthy of record, that although Aston had performed five records, he came up fresher than ever, and put up a world's middle-weight record snatch of 178 lbs.

We modestly submit these facts to the reader, knowing (despite what showmen say to the contrary) that deeds speak far more eloquently than words, wherever the intelligent and unbiassed man is concerned.



MAXICK.

Height, 5ft. 4½in. Weight, 10st. 7lb. Chest (exp.) 45in. Neck, 18in. Biceps, 16in. Forearm, 13in. Thigh, 23in. Calf, 15in.

P.S.—Note the magnificent development of the intercostal (between rib) muscles.

SIMPLICITY versus COMPLICATED INVENTIONS.

Our system is based upon a scientific control of the muscles, coupled with the power of saving energy, for distribution at the proper time. Most Physical Culturists draw too strongly upon their supply of energy, to gain a good development of muscle. This is largely the result of the exercises being mechanical or through the use of apparatus. The outstanding feature of our system is its simplicity; we neither use nor advocate the use of apparatus, yet ours is not a system of free movements.

We have no space in which to go into details here, but if you are not entirely satisfied with your condition, if your health is not perfect, if you cannot control your body, and if it is not a thing of beauty, then you need our help, and a postcard from you will bring particulars of our system, free and post free to your door.

NOTE THE ADDRESS

MAXICK & SALDO,

Eton House, Eton Avenue, North Finchley, London, N.

P.S.—Send also 1s. 1½d. for Maxick's book, "How to Become a Great Athlete" (post free).

PRESENT-DAY SMUGGLING



ARTFUL WILES OF THE EVADER OF TAXES.

That the days of smuggling are not yet passed is conclusively proved by the official reports of the customs authorities. In a single year over three thousand persons were fined for smuggling, while the number of those who smuggle but are not caught cannot, of course, be recorded.

Smuggling is generally understood to mean getting things into the country without paying duty on them, but there is an artful type of smuggler who cheats the Customs authorities in a neater way by manufacturing the dutiable articles in the country itself.

On one occasion I was spending a holiday at Deeside, and one day as I was climbing a mountain which overlooks Balmoral Castle, the gamekeeper who was with me inquired whether I would like to see an illicit still.

We were at the moment some halfway up the side of a mountain on a part which formed a small plateau. It was rocky and bare, but clumps of heather grew in places. Seizing one of these clumps the gamekeeper pulled, and, to my astonishment, brought up a wooden trough in which the heather had been planted, and disclosed a hatchway into the mouth of which the trough fitted.

AN UNDERGROUND STILL.

My guide gave a peculiar whistle, and together we descended underground. We were encountered by a bearded Highlander, who demanded various explanations in Gaelic of my friend, and then smilingly conducted us round his establishment.

He had all the apparatus for distilling whisky. The most troublesome part of distilling is the preparation of the malt, but that can now be bought ready without contravening the law, and so the process is greatly facilitated.

I learned that this particular distiller occupied the same place which his father and his grandfather had held before him, and that he found a ready market for his whisky in a certain shop in Aberdeen, which was, and is, renowned for the high quality of its liquor.

I can vouch for the fact that the glass which I myself had was the strongest stuff that has ever crossed my lips. Of its quality I was no judge, nor do I imagine anyone could have been, for the liquor was so much overproof that it tasted more like burning oil than anything else I can imagine.

NOT EASILY FOUND.

I feel that I am not betraying a secret in relating this little incident, for I do not think that the vague hints of locality which I have given could possibly lead the revenue officers to find the place.

That, of course, is defrauding the revenue on a very small scale. A certain distillery in Ireland recently went one better. An underground pipe was constructed between the distillery and the duty-paid warehouse, thus enabling the whisky to pass secretly into the store where only spirits that had paid duty were supposed to be.

In this way the firm was enabled to save 11s. per gallon. Not content, however, with the extra profit which they made, they determined to increase business by underselling other firms. This led to comments in trade papers, and consequently to inquiries, and eventually to discovery and to the imposition of a £20,000 fine.

A FEMINE DELUSION.

A collector at the Port of London once told me that the most amusing thing in connection with smuggling that had ever come under his notice was the belief in many feminine quarters that silk and lace are still dutiable.

Ladies coming from abroad frequently make the most desperate efforts to smuggle in these luxuries, and endure the utmost torture of mind while they are passing the Customs officials. If their deception was discovered they could not be

punished.

It is exactly like a man travelling under the seat of a railway carriage when he has a ticket in his pocket.

A friend of mine, for a wager, on one occasion smuggled a hundred cigars past the officials at Dover. He placed them in a box, covered them with sawdust, and put on top of them four live chameleons. Then he obtained a pass for one parcel from the skipper and left the ship.

CREEPY.

When asked by an official what the box contained, he replied, jokingly but truthfully, "Cigars." He was then asked to open the box, and the chameleons began to crawl out.

"That's all right," said the official, "but for goodness sake shut down the lid. Those creepy things make me feel sick."

It was quite a long time till the Port of London officials discovered how the sailors in certain ships were smuggling in gallons upon gallons of spirit. On ships of any size there is a donkey engine to work the crane that unloads the cargo. When, however, the ship is berthing beside a wharf that is provided with a crane of its own, the donkey engine is not required, and for years and years it was the custom to fill the boiler with spirit, which was removed after the ship had been searched.

The greatest precautions are taken to prevent the smuggling of liquid on board a man-o'-war, but it is a notorious fact, nevertheless, that liquor, beyond the daily tot of grog, can be obtained from certain of the crew if it is well paid for.

The schemes adopted for getting it on board are extremely ingenious, and it is doubtful whether certain of them will ever come to light, for the knowledge of them is restricted to a few individuals.

IN THE MEAT.

Not very long ago, however, it was discovered that a certain butcher who supplied one of our warships with beef made it his invariable custom to conceal a bottle of whisky in one of the largest joints. The bottle was removed by a man in the know, and was paid for at double price before the next was delivered.

Saccharin is the most profitable thing to smuggle at the present moment. The duty paid upon it is £1 per pound. The stuff costs 6s. 6d. a pound in Germany, but here it cannot be obtained for less than £2 12s. 6d.

It has come over here in all forms, one of the more recent cases being that where it was concealed in hollow table-tops. The more up-to-date smuggler, however, relies upon science, and combines the saccharin with some other chemical so as to form a substance which will resemble aniline dye, but from which the saccharin can readily be released by distilling. E. R. M. GAY.

A TEST OF STRONG FINGERS.

Here is a feat which at first sight appears easy, but which would be too much in reality for the majority of men who have not previously practised it.

Take your walking-stick and try to support it between the first and second fingers of your right or left hand in this way: Holding it at the ferrule end underneath the first joint of the second finger and above the first joint of the first finger. Even a very light cane takes some "keeping up" in this way, and to hold a heavy stick, say a stout ash, calls for strength of fingers well above the average.

SOME OF THE BEST.

We print below a further instalment of names and addresses of members of THE MODERN MAN League. An application form for the use of those who wish to become members, with full particulars of the badges and colours of the League, appears on another page.

MANCHESTER (continued).

J. JEVONS, 3, Drake Street, C.-on-M.
F. THOMAS, 28, Bury Street, Ellor Street, Pendleton.
T. D. THOMAS, 45, Buchanan Street, Pendlebury.
W. THOMPSON, 17, Clarendon Street, od Nelson Street, C.-on-M.
J. W. THOMLEY, Manor House, Mossley.
F. THORP, 53, Lee Road, Harpurhey.
H. D. THORPE, 16, Duncan Road, Slave Lane, Longsight.
B. C. TOWERS, 10, Middleboune Street, Seely.
H. TRUEMAN, 11, Brierley Avenue, Mr. Ardwick.
R. TURNER, 12, Bate Street, Weaste.
W. TUSON, 42, Smith Street, Ordsall Park, Salford.
R. C. UNSWORTH, 2, Scott Street, Seaford Road, Pendleton.
W. S. VILKS, 8, Crosby Road, Ashton-on-Mersey.
A. WAGSTAFF, 7, Hardgate Lane, Pendleton.
A. C. WALKER, 315, Sockport Road, Longsight.
A. H. WALKER, 1, Town Lane, Charlesworth.
E. H. WALKER, 6, Turnbull Road, Reddish Lane, Longsight.
W. J. WALKER, 10, Fai bourne Road, Levenshulme.
F. S. WALKER, 203, Princess Road, Moss Side.
T. WALLWORK, 29, Scholes Street, Cheetham Hill.
N. WALTON, 6, Graver Lane, Clayton Bridge.
F. T. WARD, 47, Beverley Street, Blackley.
C. WATSON, 18, Caistor Street, C.-on-M.
J. WATSON, 305, Fairfield Road, Droylsden.
E. W. WEAVER, 40, Chell Street, Longsight.
F. R. WEBSTER, 35, Mount Road, Gorton.
S. WEBSTER, 8, Peace Street, Meanley Road, Astley.
M. WEDGWOOD, 139, Acorn Street, Whitworth Park.
A. B. WELLS, 29, Tib Street.
G. WELLS, 52, Howarth Street, C.-on-M.
A. WHEALING, 55, Brunswick Street, West Gorton.
J. WHITE, 1, River Street, Ancoats.
J. WHITHAM, 29, Hartington Street, Moss Side.
H. WHITTAKER, 177, Ashton Hill Lane, Gorton.
K. WILD, 3, Walters Street, Reddish Lane, Longsight.
J. A. WILKINSON, Hethersall, Littleborough.
C. M. WILLIAMS, 25, Edward Street, Moston.
H. O. WILLIAMS, 125, Rainey Street, Moss Side.
J. WILLIAMSON, 35, Mount Lane, Blackley.
L. WILLIAMSON, 27, Lancaster Road, Droylsden.
S. WITHINGTON, 90, Ashton Road, Droylsden.
H. WOLTER, 13, Edge Terrace, Southern Road, Astley-on-Mersey.
M. WOOD, 8, Ayres Road, Brooks Bar.
S. S. WORSLEY, 17, Merryfield Street, Cheetham.
J. WRIGHT, 67, Devonshire Street, Hulme.
J. WRIGHT, 67, Devonshire Street, Hulme.
J. YATES, 1, Elmswood Avenue, Princess Road, South Alexandra Park.

MANNINGTREE.

J. P. FINCH, 2, Regent Street.

MANSFIELD.

A. ANNABLE, 25, Seventh Avenue, Forest Town.
A. C. BEARD, 39, Layton Villas, Rosemary Street.
W. CLAYTON, 55, Leeming Street.
J. R. COX, 3, Wrags Lane, Skegby.
S. G. DODSLEY, 14, Goldsmith Street.
W. GOODALL, 38, Westfield Lane.
J. GOODWIN, c/o Messrs. E. Woodhead and Sons, Ltd., Huthwaite.
G. HILL, Upper Pleasley.
J. Y. MALTHOUSE, Whitwell.
J. G. PRICE, Southwell Road.
T. R. B. SHOOTER, The Willows, Stanton Hill.

MARDEN.

S. BATES, Duchess Farm.

MARGATE.

A. F. CLARKE, "Belgrave," Fort Crescent, Cliffe.
H. CROFT, G.P.O.
L. G. DAY, 39, Trinity Square.
F. ROOKSBY, Queen's and High Cliffe Hotel.

MARKET HARBOUR.

H. J. RAMES, Lubenham.
H. WHITING, 18, The Green, Great Bowden.

MARKETHILL.

J. RICE.

MARKINCH.

J. PATTON, Balgonie Field.

MARLBOROUGH.

R. McC. DIAMOND, Hillsboro' Cottage.
S. H. MOSS, Staff, Marlborough College.

MARKE-BY-SEA.

J. T. HIGHT, 121, High Street.

MARYPORT.

D. KING, 22, Ellenboro' Place.

MATLOCK.

G. S. ELLIOTT, Jackhill Farm, Tansley.

MELROSE.

H. CHRISTIE, Roxburgh District Asylum.
A. EWEN, Roxburgh District Asylum.

MELTON MOWBRAY.

W. DUNNICLIFFE, Asfordby.
C. HUTTON, 4, Church Terrace.
C. SHARPE, 6, Egerton Road.
S. W. SPAWTON, 57, Thorpe Road.

MENSTON.

B. A. BODEN, 1, Marlborough Villas.
J. B. BODEN, 1, Marlborough Villas.

MERSTHAM.

F. HALFORD, Surrey County Asylum.
A. HARRISON, Surrey County Asylum.
E. LOVELOCK, Surrey County Asylum.

(To be continued.)



MODERN BEGGING EXPERTS

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO THE INDISCRIMINATELY CHARITABLE.

"Our trade," said the expert beggar who had been cornered with diplomacy, and who smoked a choice cigar and drank at the journalist's expense, "like every other nowadays, demands originality."

"You'll still find the whining beggar who pretends to have lost a leg or an arm, but it isn't long till he falls foul of the police or one of those meddling charitable societies, and his takings never average more than thirty bob a week. We experts count on an income of at least three times that."

"My own particular lay is to pose as a friend of the deceased person. Every morning I study the death's columns in the newspaper, and map out a regular tour so that I can include as many of the houses as possible. I call and express my deepest sympathy with the widow. She listens, and at length intimates that she does not know me."

APPEALING TO THE WIDOW.

"Ah, madam," I say, "Your poor husband was a good friend to me. Many a time did he give me half-a-crown (or I say a sovereign, according to the class of house). Only the day before he was taken bad he said, 'William,' said he, 'just you come round to my house and I'll give you enough to set you up in a little business. It's



hard an honest chap like you can't get work." But it's too late now, madam, I fear; I always add, and I wipe my eye with my coat sleeve.

"In nine cases out of ten I get something handsome as the result of my careful study of human nature."

"There's a friend of mine—Weeping Sal we call her in the trade—who works the births column in something the same way. Every morning she sends off a score of knitted baby shoes to the houses where she sees there has been births, and she encloses this note: 'I once had a dear baby of my own, so I send you this little offering in his memory. They are knitted

with my own poor, crippled fingers.'

THE VISITS OF SAL.

"Two days later round goes Sal to each house, to ask how the baby's getting on. As soon as the servant begins to speak about the child, Sal bursts into tears. That does it. Up runs the servant to tell the mistress how poor and sad the woman is that sent baby the shoes, and she generally comes back with half-a-crown or five shillings."

"As Sal buys the shoes at fivepence the pair from a Houndsditch sweater, she has a good profit; but then you must remember that she is a capitalist and is taking risks."

"I used to work the lung-bleeding trick, till one

of the papers took it up in the silly season and exposed me. I picked out a likely house, and poured on the pavement a bottle of imitation blood, made from red ink, gelatine and water. Then I caught hold of the railings, and clung to them till some passer-by asked what was up."

"I've just come out of the hospital where I've been for hemorrhage of the lungs," I'd say, "and now I've had another attack."

"The upshot would be that I was taken inside the house and offered refreshment. There I spun a pitiful story about my trouble being due to hunger. I said I'd tasted nothing that day, and had come to this district looking for work. Then they asked me where I lived and I told them some place on the other side of London, where I had left my starving wife and children. In their sympathy, and in their desire to get rid of me, they would send me home in a cab, with a snug little present for my wife—which I haven't one."

TELEGRAM NED.

"There's Telegram Ned," he continued. "He's as smart a man as we've got. In the evening he goes to a London terminus, just when a certain train is about to start. The guard is open to make money on the fly, and for a good big tip he sends Ned a telegram when he reaches the end of his journey."

"Come home at once," the wire reads. "Your wife is dangerously ill."

"The times of handing in and arrival, and the name of the distant town are there as evidence if necessary, and Ned sets out for business."

"He calls at house after house, wearing a look of terrible anxiety, for he is a born actor. He pitches the yarn that he is a carpenter who came to London in search of work, and has not enough money left to return to his native town. He begs that the householder will give him a loan of a few shillings to make up the amount of the fare. I've known Ned get £2 in a single day." E. BARNES.



OATINE SHAVING POWDER

A UNIQUE OFFER.

Shaving is to some men one of the joys of life. To others it is a bane. This is of course the result of "uncomfortable" shaves, which however should be a thing of the past. "A really comfortable shave" is possible for all if it is conducted with the help of OATINE SHAVING POWDER, which, besides being "ALL-BRITISH," has much to recommend it. It is specially manufactured from the finest ingredients and possesses special properties whereby it lathers quickly, giving a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather which does not dry on the face.

To use OATINE SHAVING POWDER is to know what a really clean shave is, and by reason of the special construction of the cap of the bottle, it is possible to shake out just sufficient powder for each shave, the rest of the powder remaining untouched, and is thus kept dry and clean.

OATINE SHAVING POWDER, as illustrated, is sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 1s. per glass bottle.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as OATINE CREAM, which should be gently rubbed into the skin after the shave is completed. It possesses special healing properties and will be found invaluable. All readers of THE MODERN MAN who are not familiar with the Oatine preparations are recommended to take advantage of the special offer made below.

THIS TOILET OUTFIT IS SENT FREE.

In order to thoroughly introduce the Oatine Toilet Preparations, some of which appeal specially to gentlemen, the Proprietors have decided for a limited period to distribute absolutely free to all sending name and address on a postcard, a 2d. Shaving Powder; or for 3d. in stamps (halfpenny stamps preferred) to cover cost of postage and packing, the Oatine Toilet outfit illustrated herewith, which contains a full 2d. Shaving Powder, sufficient for 6 shaves, also a tin of Oatine Cream which is invaluable for use after shaving. The outfit contains, further, samples of OATINE BALM, FACE POWDER, TALCUM POWDER and TOOTH POWDER. The latter preparation marks a new era in the manufacture of dental preparations, containing detergent and astringent properties, which, when moistened on the brush, releases oxygen, the great germ-destroying enemy to decay. Last, but not least, the outfit contains a full 2d. SHAMPOO POWDER which leaves the hair soft and glossy, and enhances its natural lustre and colour.

THE OATINE Co., 79, Oatine Buildings, London, S.E.



: The Master Key. :

In the Bank of England are thousands of locks, each made to differ so that not one key shall open any other lock. But the Governors have one key that opens them all. This is the Master Key. Just so there are many ways employed to make money, but the one way that opens the main sources of wealth is that which the world's millionaires have made their own. You may command this Master Key. It is yours for the asking. We are offering it to you here and now. We have mastered the methods of those who have won fortune and have embodied them in our Perfected System of Money-making. That system it is by which the

National Share Exchange

is enabled to reap enormous profits for its clients. We have achieved an impregnable position in the City of London as having already paid away the unprecedented sum of

£511,040

Our Advices bring Fortune to our Clients.

But, say you, anyone may quote figures and make unsupported assertions. Quite so, we cordially invite you to exercise your own judgment and

Investigate the Facts for Yourself

that we are, day by day, paying substantial sums to clients who commenced in a very modest way and with no knowledge of Stocks and Shares. You can see their cheques and note how the amounts grow.

£6

May Easily be Doubled and Trebled
in a Single Operation.

£6

The Clients' Own Words are the Best Evidence.

Many clients are good enough to invite us to show their letters to bona-fide enquirers. Our cheque books, our letter files, our paramount position in the City of London, our reputation as cash payers on the stroke of the clock, are behind each and every one of our statements.

It Costs You Nothing to Learn how You Yourself may Use the Master Key.

Take the
FIRST STEP
Free of Cost.

**SEND THE
COUPON
TO-DAY.—NOW!**

The Gateway to Success is Here.

To the Secretary,
The National Share Exchange, Gt. Winchester Street, London, E.C.
Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away to clients **£511,040**.

M.M.
15/11/11.

Name

(State whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss or Title.)

Address in Full

Date

(Please write distinctly).

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

DISCONTENT IN BUSINESS.

In connection with my contributions to this page I have received many letters from readers who are discontented with their present form of employment. Many of them ask my advice as to whether they ought to change or whether they ought to seek some other form of employment in this country.

In some cases I advise them to seek fresh fields for their energies, but in many others my advice has been to stick to their present job, and not to give way to discontent.

Discontent is a thing that may be observed in connection with any business man, no matter whether he be an employer or an employee.

The big man is discontented. He feels that in some other sphere of life he would have made not five hundred pounds a year, but five thousand.

The employee is discontented too. He believes that in some other line he could have made more money, and would have enjoyed more comfortable conditions in the matter of hours. The successful man, whether he be an employer or an employee, feels just the same way, but the difference lies in the fact that he stifles these feelings of discontent.

I remember once a man applying for a certain position in my office. I told him from his letter of application that he held a degree from one of the best English Universities. I was rather prejudiced on this account, because I feared he would consider himself a bit too good for the job I had to offer him, but I thought it only fair to give him an interview.

At that interview I heard all he had to say, and then I put the matter bluntly regarding my fears of his considering himself too good for the job.

"I think the best argument," he said, "would be to tell you that since I have been in London, I have sometimes been settled it. He seemed to be a man of ability, and I gave him the job at once.

Within a fortnight, however, he was discontented. I could see it in a hundred little ways, for an employer is by no means the blind bat that some employees imagine he must necessarily be.

One day when he came through to my room, he asked me whether it was not possible for me to summon him by some other means than the electric bell beside my desk. I may say that I had an electric bell put into the room he occupied, and when I wanted him to come through to me, I rang it.

I asked him what his objection was, and he said that he didn't quite know, but that it was, don't you know, something menial about having to answer a bell.

I told him that in my younger days I had been summoned to my chief's room in the same manner, and had never dreamt of complaining, and I asked him whether he expected me to send a page-boy to his room with a silver salver, and a polite note pinned on the back of it, whenever I wanted him to come to my room for instruction.

I told him that, of course, the obvious answer was, of course, the obvious answer, and bade him a polite good-bye.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

WHAT IS A MARKET?

Markets are marking time; but I am looking for better financial business now that the Coronation is out of the way.

What is a market?

A correspondent writes pointing out that this term is frequently used in financial articles as applied to various stocks and shares and asking: "What is a market?"

THE "HOUSE."

An answer to this query involves a short description of the Stock Exchange itself. This institution consists—for dealing purposes—of an irregularly-shaped building extending from Bartholomew Lane nearly to the junction of Throgmorton Street and Broad Street one way, and from Throgmorton Street to New Broad Street on the other. When business is brisk the floor space of the "House," as it is generally called, is occupied by some thousands of members and clerks, all packed together, like a crowd on some public occasion, such as a Lord Mayor's Show.

To the uninitiated eye there is nothing to distinguish one part from another; and certainly there are no counters, stands or stalls on which piles of Consols, Yankees, Kaffirs, Rails, or stock of any description are displayed ready for purchasers—no railings, partitions, or any other visible lines of demarcation.

A closer inspection would show that the crowd tends to form itself into a series of groups, some small, some medium, and some large. These separate groups are composed of representatives of those firms who are called "jobbers," and who confine their attention to dealing in a particular class of security, and they form what is termed a "market."

The first duty of a clerk on his entrance to the "House" is to learn the location of the different markets, as it is useless to ask a Kaffir jobber for the price of Consols, or expect a "Jungle" merchant to make a price in East London. The process of "getting prices" and "dealing" in boom times is very exhilarating, and the nearest approach to it is participation in a lively Rugby scrum.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. J. A. (Worcester).—Do not advise a purchase.

"VERITAS" (Bexhill).—The price of the shares you inquire about is 5 to 5½ ex dividend. I do not know sufficient about them to reply to your second query.

W. T. (Grimsby).—Certainly not.

K. C. (Woking).—I think Nos. 3, 4, and 5 should be held for better prices; sell No. 1, and double your holding in No. 2.

"YORICK" (Stratford).—I am afraid you are "in the cart," but should advise you if possible to see it through.

D. E. (Cork).—In my opinion all you require is a little patience, which will be well rewarded.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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GENERAL HUNTER.

HOW HE LOST HIS TEMPER.

General Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.B., D.S.O. is one of the sweetest-natured of men, but there was one occasion when even his serene temper gave way.

This was during Kitchener's final advance on Omdurman, when a certain war correspondent was attached to General Hunter's force.

This correspondent was a Scotsman, and a curious mixture of piety, profanity, and whisky.

When he got full of the last-named he used to sing Presbyterian hymns interspersed with blood-curdling language.

One very hot day when the army lay in camp, every nerve on edge, the war correspondent tuned up.

It was then that General Hunter rose up and in a loud voice cried to Heaven to know what he had done to be afflicted with a condemned psalm-singing, whisky-drinking, profane-mouthed Scotch war correspondent.

He then sent for the offender and told him that if he so much as opened his mouth again during the campaign he would have him shot without formality of trial.

To this day General Hunter carries a bullet in his left breast, a souvenir of perhaps his narrowest squeak.

In his early days in Egypt he was out reconnoitring, and he and two other officers entered a deserted mill.

One officer used his field-glass from the mill window, the other looked over his shoulder, and Hunter leaned over the shoulders of both of them.

A Dervish caught the sun glistening on the field-glass and took a pot-shot.

His aim was true. The bullet shattered the glass, killed the first man, severely wounded the second, and finally lodged in General Hunter's breast in such a situation that extraction was considered too dangerous.

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THE SELBY OCTOPUS

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

There arrived in the chain-making town of Moulden one day a keen-looking, well-dressed man of about fifty, with a pointed beard and grey, shrewd, piercing eyes.

He registered at the Crown Hotel as Mr. Stacey Litchfield, of London.

For the first evening he contented himself with walking about the narrow streets of the town, afterwards returning to the hotel, where he made attempts to get into friendly conversation with some of the elderly, hard-faced men in the smoke-room—advances which met with indifferent success, for to strangers the average Black Countryman is as reserved as he is undemonstrative.

The following day Mr. Stacey Litchfield called upon several of the chain manufacturers in the town.

He was received for the most part in dirty little offices in dirtier little works, the chain-master coming out of the forge to interview him, and forcing him to stand on his feet to talk, by the simple process of forgetting to be seated himself.

But Mr. Stacey Litchfield had an easy adaptability; the absence of small courtesies disturbed him not in the least; and he had a commendable brevity of diction which enabled him to state his business concisely and in such a manner as to leave no possibility of misunderstanding.

In a sentence, Mr. Stacey Litchfield was anxious to buy up the chain trade.

He lunched at his hotel with a definite feeling that he had not made the progress he expected.

But there was plenty of time yet—and he was a man gifted with patience, as well as having at his command practically unlimited capital.

He continued his round of visits during the afternoon.

At the works of Richard Selby, the principal manufacturer in Moulden, he was disappointed to learn that Mr. Selby was out of town. The good-looking young secretary, whose name he ascertained was Graill, informed him, in fact, that he was touring in the South of England, accompanied by his wife.

Mr. Stacey Litchfield displayed polite interest. He did not know that Mr. Selby was married, he confessed.

"It only took place a week ago," said Graill.

"Ah, then, he is probably not concerning himself with business matters for the time being?"

"He is not," agreed Graill succinctly.

"When will he be back, can you tell me?"

"I can't say for sure. He originally went only for ten days, but now I hear he'll be away for at least a fortnight."

"Then," said Mr. Stacey Litchfield, "I must, of course, postpone seeing him. But it is a pity. I was particularly anxious to discuss a certain subject with him without delay. However, I shall be remaining in Moulden for a few days longer. Perhaps if he returns you will be good enough to communicate with me at the Crown Hotel. Failing that, here is my London address, and I shall be glad to run down again any day that he will make an appointment."

Graill laid the visiting card on his blotting-pad; he perceived that Mr. Stacey Litchfield, of Prosperous Home Industries, Limited, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C., had still something more to say,



"And now, Mr. Graill," continued the caller, pleasantly, "I wonder if you could put me into the hands of a foreman and allow me the privilege of looking over your works. Don't trouble to come with me yourself; I can see you are exceedingly busy."

"Not at all," said Graill bluntly. "It can wait. Are you a buyer of chain?"

"Not a buyer," answered Mr. Stacey Litchfield, "but interested in various branches of the staple British industries. My firm is an important one, Mr. Graill, and if you will allow me to say so—this with the most delicate rebuke—an honourable one."

"I haven't heard of it before," said Graill, with no intention whatever to offend. "But you can go through the works with pleasure if you want to."

He got up and opened the door.

"I'll come with you," he said.

He did not object to Mr. Stacey Litchfield looking at things; he thought it as well, however, not to give him the opportunity of asking questions.

Coming out half an hour afterwards, Mr. Stacey Litchfield paused after covering a little distance to look back and cast an approving glance over the wide frontage of the new, clean, low-lying works.

"An admirably equipped, thoroughly up-to-date place," he told himself. "I think it will do excellently for headquarters."

He returned to London at the end of the week, having made a certain amount of progress with his plans, but still far less than he had originally anticipated.

There seemed to be a subtle peculiar influence working in Moulden, an element which had the faculty of obstructing his plans, but which so far he had been unable to trace to its source.

"This Richard Selby will perhaps be able to put us on the track of it," he said to his millionaire partner in Prosperous Home Industries, Limited, as they sat chatting over the matter in their palatially furnished offices in Fenchurch Street. "He undoubtedly has the reputation of being the smartest man in the trade. And I have ear-marked him already for our resident working-manager."

Prosperous Home Industries, Limited, were dealers in big undertakings, and they had naturally a commensurate idea of their own powers.

But a fortnight went by without any communication reaching them from Selby.

At last, one afternoon, Mr. Stacey Litchfield instructed a clerk to hand in a telephone call for Moulden.

Before half an hour had passed he was speaking to Richard Selby in person.

"I understood," he said, "I was to be informed as soon as you had returned."

"Oh, yes," answered Richard, and offered no explanation.

"Did you not hear I had called?"

"Yes, I heard."

"Well—" Mr. Stacey Litchfield was

puzzled. "When can I have the pleasure of seeing you?" he asked.

"Any time you're in Moulden," said Richard.

"I'll come at once," said Mr. Stacey Litchfield, looking at his watch. "I can catch a train at 5.50, arriving in Moulden at 8.10."

His rapid decision, he hoped, would act as a reproof to the other.

"Very good," said Richard. "I shall have left the works by that time, but I'll send the car to meet you at Moulden station, and you can come along and see me at my home. That agreeable to you?"

"Perfectly, thanks," said Mr. Stacey Litchfield, with a feeling that his snub had missed fire.

"Good-bye," said Richard, and hung up.

Mr. Stacey Litchfield corrected his preconceived opinion of Richard Selby several times before the silent-running car pulled up at the substantial house at the end of the long beech-lined drive.

He began to like him for the evidence of his prosperity. He liked him still better when at length he came face to face with him.

A cool-looking, athletically-built man, in evening dress, with dark hair and a strong mouth, arose from his chair as he was ushered into the study.

Mr. Stacey Litchfield, looking at the abstracted eyes and observing the intense white of the man, realised at once that he was in contact with an uncommon character. Richard Selby, he judged, was still a young man, but he conveyed power and maturity in every line of his body.

"Good evening," said Mr. Stacey Litchfield formally.

"How d'you do, Mr. Litchfield," said Richard, giving his hand a strong grip.

"Have you dined?"

"Thank you, yes. On the train."

"You won't be able to get back to-night, so perhaps you will allow us to put you up. My wife will be in presently, but first of all we'll get through with our business."

He offered him a cigar, and they sat facing each other. It would appear at almost in an instant they had arrived at an estimate of each other, and could therefore dispense with time-wasting preliminaries.

"The aim of Prosperous Home Industries, Limited," said Mr. Stacey Litchfield, "is to associate itself with trades which are not at present as prosperous as they ought to be, and to bring about an improvement in them. It is a company with a privately subscribed capital of over two millions, with as much demand to follow it up should development be in any word, philanthropists. We are in business to make money as every business man should be. But at the back of our purpose is patriotism."

"We have set ourselves to rescue the declining trades—trades which have been affected by foreign competition, but which should still be flourishing and able to hold their own."

"The rapidity with which other countries have advanced, commercially speaking, has left England in many respects in the position that inglorious position, and in fact are convinced that the place she is still occupying is the front."

"Hence the formation of the company and its organisation for infusing new energy, new ideas, and abundant capital into the industries as are in need of all three."

"Now I need not labour with all the details. It is sufficient that we already exercise a controlling influence over the bottle trade, the nail trade, and the holloware trade—with results that have justified our intervention. And the next

to attract our attention is that of the hammered chain. We do not propose to turn inside out the existing arrangements or to bring about any radical difference in the methods of production. As with other departments of our enterprise, operations will be conducted by a central controlling board, but local management will be left in the hands of experienced and competent men, and only in extraordinary cases will the board interfere. Do I satisfy you, Mr. Selby?"

"On," said Richard, non-committally. "The local managers, in addition," supplemented Mr. Stacey Litchfield, "will be under the direction of a resident head-manager. Now the chain-trade being a small one, it is our intention—if we can achieve it—to buy it up, lock, stock, and barrel. Valuation of the various properties of the various firms will be put in the hands of trustworthy experts—to be chosen by an impartial outsider if so desired—and the figures resulting will be paid by the Prosperous Home Industries, Limited, plus ten per cent. as a bonus to the present masters, in the majority of cases, will remain as employees in receipt of a generous salary. You, Mr. Selby, if you are prepared to entertain our proposition, will be appointed resident head-manager at a salary to be arranged—say two thousand pounds per annum and a commission on the whole profits of the trade."

"I see," said Richard. "Anything else, Mr. Litchfield?"

"No; except that I have every hope of bringing about a successful culmination of the undertaking. I have already obtained the consent of a fair proportion of the makers. The others have promised to give me a month after being allowed time for consideration. The trade appears to realise,

Mr. Selby, that it would benefit under this arrangement both collectively and individually."

"Do you sincerely believe that?" asked Richard, with a hint of a smile.

"I not only believe it, I am attracted by its common-sense."

"M—m!" mused Richard. "Mr. Litchfield," he said, "you are an extraordinarily deluded man. May I provide you with a little enlightenment. You probably have with you a list of those makers who promised to give their consideration to your proposal. May I see it?"

Mr. Stacey Litchfield handed it over.

"This list," said Richard, glancing through it, represents a full three-fourths of the firms engaged in the chain-trade. They are firms which for a considerable period have been doing a declining business. . . . You are an opportunist, if you will allow me to say so, Mr. Litchfield. You have perceived that, consolidated and under one governing head, the trade can be rescued from its stagnancy and made to go ahead like steam. But unfortunately you are a little too late. Tell me: what did each of these masters say to you when you put your proposal before him?"

"He said he had his partner to consult?" answered Mr. Stacey Litchfield.

"He did not mention that partner's name?"

"No. There was, in fact, a general disinclination to impart information. It seems to be a characteristic of your fellow-townsmen, Mr. Selby."

"Just so," said Richard. "And besides that they had undertaken to keep silent about the name of their partner until he gave his consent for it to be made public. Now there is no secret about the matter. I have patiently been gaining a control of the chain-trade for the past two years, Mr. Litchfield. The trade is mine—or as much of it as I

can conveniently handle at the present time. . . . You have been forestalled."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Litchfield, who had an excellent facial control, though not quite sufficient to conceal his chagrin, "I fancy that the matter is simplified. You are doubtless open to negotiate—bearing in mind the permanent position of head-manager which I can offer you and the handsome salary attached to it."

"No, no," said Richard laughing. "You would not expect me to give up to you now the advantage I've succeeded in winning. I should ask too much, Mr. Litchfield. . . . Here is my wife. Allow me to introduce you."

With the best grace he could muster Mr. Stacey Litchfield rose to his feet.

[Another of these stories will appear shortly.—EDITOR.]

BODY-SWING IN BOWLING.

The man who is most successful and consistent in making the ball "come with his arm" is he who bowls with a swing of the body as well as the arm.

Much too little attention is given to the importance of body-swing by most bowlers outside the first class; and it is safe to say that there is many a man playing minor cricket to-day who might be good enough for his county, if he made more use of his body in bowling.

At the end of your "run up," just as you swing your hand forward, preparatory to swinging it back and round, let your body, from the waist, go well back. Then as you swing your arm forward let your body swing, as it were, in unison with it. You will get far more power into your delivery by so doing, and your arm will not tire so quickly.

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Solid silver safety-pin 6d.	
Solid silver lapel or cap badge . . . 6d.	
Solid silver pendant for watch-chain 6d.	

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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BUTTONHOLES AND HAIR.

Not long ago I pointed out the necessity for taking account of the colour of the tie you are wearing before putting on a buttonhole, but it seems that one should also consider the colour of one's hair when putting on either.

I saw the other day a smartly-dressed young man whose hair was of a colour somewhere between vermillion and the colour known to artists and to the makers of paint boxes as "light brown."

He had entirely spoilt the general effect by putting in his buttonhole a crimson rose which neither matched nor blended with the particular red of his hair.

The lucky man whose hair is black, or of a nondescript fair shade, can wear pretty well any buttonhole or tie, but the man whose hair has in it the slightest touch of ginger must be very wary.

THE TROUSER PRESS AGAIN.

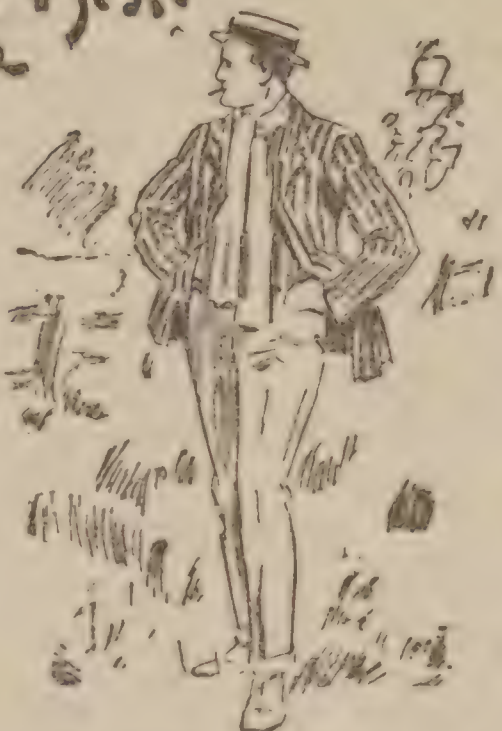
As I remarked last week the four-screw trouser-press is at best a nuisance to undo and screw up again, especially if your time and patience are limited.

It is possible nowadays to get a press with no screws at all, which is operated by a single lever at the centre, but these are at present very expensive.

Yet the trouser-press is a luxury that the man who wants to look smart cannot afford to be without, and with a press such as that put on the market by Mr. Clipson, of 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W., the trouble of using the screws is very slight if they are kept well oiled, because they are made on a sensible plan with long shanks.

Until I saw Mr. Clipson's press I had been under the impression that one could not get a good press under a guinea or any at all for less than half a guinea. But here we have a substantial polished oak press with steel crossbars and plated fittings for 5s. 9d., carriage paid.

How it is done puzzles me, but that does not matter. The main thing is that it is done. The press is guaranteed for five years, and can be used for seven days on approval.



A USEFUL ADDITION.

The trouble of using a trouser-press, it is worth noting, can be minimised, if room can be spared in the bedroom or dressing-room for a stand or a table on which it may always remain.

Then the press is always lying horizontally ready to hand, instead of having to be lifted about and often opened and screwed up on unlevel surfaces. The tops of the trousers can hang down naturally over the end and can come to no harm.

Such a stand is really as useful as a bedroom chair, which is more often used for putting clothes on than for sitting on, and takes up no more room. Underneath it a rack or shelves for boots

may be constructed with advantage.

DRESSING UP.

Almost every grown man and woman, as well as every child, possesses in some degree the love of "dressing up." A man may pretend, even to himself, that he does not care for such things, but we find it coming out again and again.

The attraction of the uniform is but one instance of it. The Coronation festivities and ceremonials gave many of us a taste of it, for even the spectator takes a sort of vicarious pleasure in seeing other people dressed up in unfamiliar garb.

The attraction of the stage and of amateur theatricals is another example of the existence of this very natural and very harmless trait in human nature, even after one has put away childish things.

The popularity of the fancy dress ball at the present time is another instance of it, and in this connection a few hints may be useful to those who contemplate attending such a function.

For a big ball, such as the Shakespeare Ball held in Coronation week, one must, of course, put oneself in the hands of a costumier, and pay his (generally exorbitant) price, but for a small impromptu dance, which is usually much better fun, half the interest of the thing lies in making up your own costume.

The mere man is generally at a disadvantage on these occasions. He has not always the time nor the skill to construct a fancy costume for himself, and he cannot make the same use of "odds and ends" as a woman can.

A SUGGESTED FANCY COSTUME.

A most effective costume, however, and an easily arranged one is that of the early Victorian

era, for which a model may be found in any illustrated edition of "David Copperfield," or other works of Dickens.

An ordinary evening dress suit can be used as the basis for this. The trousers should be strapped under the instep by means of black tape or elastic pinned on, or with the straps from your overalls if you are a mounted Territorial.

The collar of the coat should be turned up as a high false collar of velvet attached to the back of it.

A stock can be manufactured from a couple of old single collars of which one is cut in half and stitched to the other, the join being hidden by the broad black stock tie and big bow of the period, in the latter of which should be one or two large scarf pins.

A pleated dress shirt or even a soft fronted white shirt, with a frill sewn down the front, and a black watered silk fob complete all the necessary alterations to the dress, while white or light coloured socks and black pumps should be worn.

When you have parted your hair at the side and brushed it untidily over the forehead, and worn a pair of small side-whiskers with the aid of a burnt cork, you might pass for your own grandfather in his younger days.

CLOTHES AND HEIGHT.

A reader asks me a question to which I rather think I have given an answer in the columns before, but which I will repeat, as it may be of interest to many who are about to give their tailor an order.

"I am rather below the average height," writes my correspondent, "and am anxious to make the most of what height I have." Can this be done by choosing any particular kind of material or style for my clothes?

Most certainly it can. In the first place, anything in the nature of a check should be avoided. If a pattern is preferred, it should be one in which the stripes run vertically.

This should be especially noticed when

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—practically a 20 to 1 winner every time. For 3/9 (only the 20th part of the cost of a new suit) Achille Serre will turn an old suit into a new one. Their process of dry-cleaning removes all spots and stains and returns the suit in four days, pressed and looking as good as new—ready, indeed, for lots more smart and hard wear. Write for our illustrated post free booklet, "Pride of Dress," and address of nearest branch agency.

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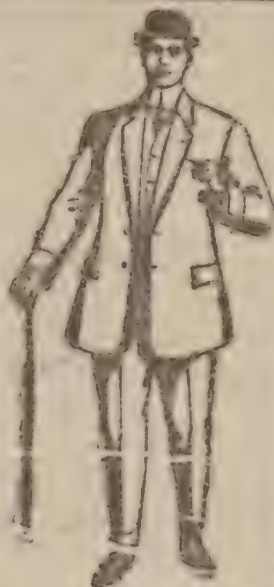
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On a suit is like the 22-carat hall-mark on gold—a guarantee of the best quality. The McKinley goods are all-British. We use only reliable Scotch, English and Irish materials, employ only expert London cutters and tailors, and guarantee



choosing trousers for wear with black coats. Not only do the longitudinal stripes seem to increase the height, but trousers made of such material look well when trousers without the stripe would be looking shabby and worn out.

A short man's height is always apparently increased if his trousers are rather tight-fitting.

If you try to form a mental picture of a cavalryman, you probably think of a tall man. But as a matter of fact the maximum height of the British cavalryman (excluding, of course, the Household Cavalry) is 5ft. 8in.

His apparent height is due to his tight-fitting overalls and his short jacket, which give him an apparent length of leg which he does not in reality possess.

A VALET FOR EVERY MAN.

The ambition of most men who take a pride in turning themselves out as well as possible is to have a valet. When one has known, as I have, what a blessing the ordinary unskilled soldier-servant can prove, to have a valet who will keep all your clothes in order and save you all but the trouble of putting them on seems the most desirable thing on earth.

But for most of us in civilian life a manservant who will have nothing to do but look after our clothes is a luxury that we are never likely to enjoy.

It is pleasant to find, therefore, that one can avail oneself of most of the advantages of the valet's services and at the same time of those of skilled tailors at a very slight cost.

The secret is co-operation, and the National Tailoring and Repairing Company, of 144, Hampstead Road, N.W., have devised an admirable scheme whereby these advantages can be offered to the man of small means.

They have organised a series of subscrip-

tions entitling the customer to send a suit or overcoat to be cleaned and repaired once a week, fortnight, or month, as arranged.

Special boxes are provided, into which the garments can be thrown anyhow, and sent off with the minimum of trouble. Nevertheless, they come back cleaned and pressed, and with any missing button replaced and any necessary minor repairs done by expert hands.

The service can be taken for one month on trial at a very low rate, or a single suit can be sent by those who prefer it. Three pairs of trousers may be sent in place of a suit, if the subscriber wishes.

"FASHIONABLE" AND "POPULAR."

Two words which must necessarily be frequently used by any writer on dress are the terms "fashionable" and "popular."

These are often misunderstood and taken to be synonymous, which they are not. In some cases a fashion which starts by being "fashionable" becomes also popular; sometimes it never attains popularity.

On the other hand there are articles of dress which might be described as "popular," for a time at least, without ever being fashionable.

Fashion always comes a little ahead of popularity, and it is no criterion of the fashionableness of anything to note how often you meet with it.

At the present moment, for instance, one may safely say that brown is a fashionable colour for suits this season, but it has not yet attained popularity. That may come next season.

A form of neckwear that enjoyed some popularity a season or two ago was the "fall" tie, which was a hideous sort of combination of the bow tie with the broad ends of a sailor knot.

Not only did this never become fashionable but it was actually "bad form," but nevertheless it was popular, until it became obvious that it would never be countenanced by the leaders of fashion.

The man whose dress is fashionable is always just a little ahead of the times. The man who is merely "correct" is not necessarily fashionable. There is nothing about his attire to which objection could be taken, but "correctness" is a negative rather than a positive attribute. It postulates that a man is up to date, and with this most men are content. They do not wish their clothes to be conspicuous, and are content to follow rather than to lead.



That Old Suit of yours is good for further service.

3/6 will make it look new.

If your suit is wrinkled and shabby from holiday wear or business wear, send it to us with a postal order for 3/6.

It will be **CLEANED, REPAIRED, & TAILOR-PRESSED** by our new process, and you will receive it within three days, looking almost like a brand-new suit.

Our work is not dry-cleaning process. It is practical Tailor-work service.

You must see an old suit after being treated by our method. You will be surprised at the result.

Send your old suit to-day and a postal order for 3/6. We pay carriage one way. Send postcard for folder, "An Old Suit Made New."

THE NATIONAL TAILORING & REPAIRING Co.,

144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.
TELEPHONE 260 North.

TOWN TALKS.

LONDON, AS YOU HEAR IT.

Heard in a City Luncheon Café, any time between 12 and 2:

"Look here, Brown, are you playing cricket on Saturday?" . . . "No, I've got no match on that day." . . . "Well, can you come down to Bromley and give our side a leg up! We could do with your bowling."

. . . "H-m-m, no. I'm afraid I can't, though I'd like to awfully." . . . "Well, why don't you, then, if you've nothing to do?"

. . . "Well, er, you see, I promised Flor—I mean Miss—er—er" . . . "Aha! So that's it, eh? You'll be playing for the Old Married Men against the Bachelors soon, my boy."

But don't you think the young lady 'ud let you off if you put it to her nicely?" . . .

"Well (hesitatingly), yes; hang it all, she'll have to! Can easily see her in the evening!"

Heard in the stalls bar of the Empyrean Theatre, during the selection: "Rotten whisky they give you here, what?" . . . "D'you think so? I rather like it. Anyhow, it's better than the last turn we've just seen. It gave me an awful turn, I assure you. Ha! ha! A joke! Don't you see? Why don't you laugh? You never see any of my jokes!"

Squeaky female voice, breaking through a heavy atmosphere of powder and patchouli:

"Ullo, here you are, you beauty! I saw you goin' out of 'ere last night with another girl! (Wags finger waggishly.) Now, don't deny it! I was 'avin' a prop up against one of them pillars just by the cigarette stand, and you passed me just as close as kiss yer 'and. I *did* think it crool! Well, never mind, dearie; I'll forgive yer if you promise to be extra good to-night. Yes, I think I *will* 'ave a creme de menthe."

Highly respectable female voice: "Egbert, come here at once! From my seat in the stalls I distinctly saw some *woman* actually *poke you in the ribs!* Who was she? I insist upon knowing! You don't know yourself?"

Oh! I never dreamt this was such a dreadful place, or I shouldn't have asked you to bring me. Come, Egbert, let us go! (They take a few stately steps in silence.) And mind, Egbert, if *ever* you come here again I'll go home to mother—and take little Willie with me!"

Heard outside little riverside inn between Hammersmith and Barnes. Itinerant vendor (addressing the proprietor): "Buy a nice, 'ard broom, sir? Useful to sweep the deck o' that werry trim little launch o' yours? No? Werry special quality, these 'ard brooms, sir. I generally asks two bob for 'em, but I'd let you 'ave one for eighteenpence, because I can see from your face that ye're a gentleman, an' I like doin' business with gentlemen. What? You don't want one? Go on, guv'nor, don't be 'ard! 'Ave one for one-and-four? 'Ave one for—(the proprietor takes a step forward in irritation, and the pedlar moves away hastily). Well, 'ere, 'ave a soft broom for nothin' to swab down yer mouldy old face with! I never see such a mingy, old blighter! I 'opes yer lose all yer money in a bank smash, that yer wife catches the scarlet fevier, your 'ouse falls down, and yer dies ter-morrer!" (Exit round the corner at the double.)

Heard in a "good pull-up for carmen": "Ere, Miss! If this is tea bring me some cawfee; an' if it's cawfee bring me some teal!"

Soliloquy in taxi-cab that has picked up one man in St. James's Street: "Five thousand lost to Murchiston to-night, ten thou. due to Morisohn on a bill to-morrow. Not a single oat to be raised anywhere . . . Here goes!" (A flash and a report.) Agonised cry from driver: "Constable, 'ere! Quick! See what's 'appened in my cab!"

R. MCCLEERY.

Send a Postcard for . . .

JOHN PIGGOTT'S

SUMMER
Proceeding
Throughout
JULY.

John Piggott, Ltd.,
117 & 118, Cheapside, & Milk St., E.C.

SALE

Now
Ready.

Mention
"M. M."

MARK YOUR LINEN NEATLY.

The old method with pen, &c., is untidy. The new way, name-stamp, pad, ink and brush, complete in box for 1s. 6d. (Ink requires no heating) sent post free.—**ROBERTSON, 93, Westwood Road, COVENTRY.** Smart agents wanted everywhere.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem London."

MANUFACTURER'S CUT PRICES.



Price
5/9

Carriage
paid.

I save you 50%. Trousers Pressers and Stretchers. Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease. Full length. Take 4 pairs. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. 7 days' approval. Money returned if not satisfied. Further Particulars Free.

J. CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Rd., London, S.W.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

J. H. (Southport).—Before entering the water, rub a little cold cream upon the inside of your ears with the tip of your finger. This will prevent the deafness which you say you experience after a swim.

C. G. S. (Wolverhampton).—There is no foundation for the assertion that cigarette smoking is dangerous. After all, it is dangerous to indulge in anything to excess, even food, but the man who smokes cigarettes in moderation need have no fear of bad results.

G. L. (Rochdale).—Your trouble is one that is experienced by many. The only effectual cure is to have spur-stops put on the back of your boots. These consist of small blocks of leather which are stitched on to the heel, so that the spur rests on them at the required height.

A. L. (Belfast).—Messrs. W. J. Glover and Co., of 148, North Street, Belfast, will supply you with THE MODERN MAN cigarettes and tobacco.

D. C. DAVIES, 11, City Road; Hr. Openshaw, Manchester, would be glad to meet a local reader who intends joining the Army, and particularly one who is keen on signalling.

W. A. WEISS, 104, Ombersley Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham, would like to meet any reader in his district who contemplates taking a holiday in August.

N. W. (Manchester) says that the other evening when he went to a cinematograph theatre pictures of the Coronation procession were exhibited, and two verses of the National Anthem were thrown on the screen. "Of course," he says, "everybody stood up and sang, except two men, who sat still all the time. When the lights were switched on I found that they were foreigners. Still I do not see why they should not have stood up. If I happened to be in a foreign country and they played their National Anthem I should most certainly stand up, just for decency's sake." We quite agree with his feelings.

A. M. (Brighton).—We have already printed an article, with diagrams, showing how to fold a coat, but it may be possible for us to find space in the future to deal with the matter more fully.

A. C. R. (Merthyr).—If you have strong leanings towards a military life, there is no reason why you should not join the Army, for it is a splendid career for a man who is prepared to put his heart into his work. You can get all information from the pamphlets supplied gratis by your local post office.

A. F. G. (Ware).—You inform us that you have just returned from camp, and have no further opportunity of using your saddlery until next year. We are sorry for that, and think that, with a little enterprise on your part, you might be able to arrange with some local tradesman for a mount to put that saddlery on occasionally. As for keeping your straps in good condition in the meantime, you ought to run them over at least once a week, especially underneath the buckles. Use ordinary saddle soap and polishing paste, and do not adopt the practice advocated by some, of loading the leather with oil, for that is unnecessary and very dirty.

J. O. (Dublin).—We shall print in an early issue the opinions of several eminent authorities as to the utility of the bearing-rein.

A. J. C. (Chiswick), W. R. S. (Birmingham), S. G. (Islington), J. B. (Portsmouth), A. E. T. (Manchester), B. S. (Forest Gate), H. B. (Gillingham), J. H. (Manchester), F. L. K. (Tooting), G. H. B. (Queensland).—Many thanks.

Coronation Royal Blue

SERGE LOUNGE SUIT.

The greatest achievement in Tailoring during the Coronation Year.

Every loyal subject will do his best in his own way to celebrate the Coronation.

We are doing our part by producing our Coronation suit at a price which has never been approached in connection with a suit of such cloth and such workmanship.

The price is

40/-

The material, in honour of our Sailor King, is

ROYAL BLUE SERGE.

Owing to the exceptional size of our order, we have secured a stock of this serge at a price which makes it possible for us to produce our Coronation suit at such a low figure.

This Royal Blue Serge is thoroughly shrunk, and is warranted not to fade in colour. So confident are we of its merit that

We guarantee 2 years' wear.

We can fit you by post, if you cannot call, and we guarantee to give you an exact fit.

If you are not satisfied with the suit, return it to us, and we shall return your money in full without question or dispute.

Write to-day for free patterns and self-measurement form, which will be sent free to any address. If you are in London, call and see the Royal Blue Serge in the piece.



J. & H. ELLIS,
20, Farringdon St., London, E.C.
(Close to Ludgate Circus).

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason. In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed " & Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentlemen.—Feather-weight, heather colour, hand-woven tweeds; patterns.—Jones (Member), 96, Salop Street, Dudley.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight lawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Best make, regulation; blue serge; 2s. 6d.; post, 2d.—Ross's, Athletic Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

Coachman's boots, size sixes, only been used once; cost £3 3s., take 25s.; bargain.—Box 4722, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Black walking coat and vest, and grey stripe trousers, 16s. 6d., cost 65s.; lightish grey Scotch tweed jacket and trousers, 10s. 6d., good condition, size 43in. chest, 40in. waist, 32½in. leg.—Box 4723, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman wishes to dispose of blue serge suit, £1; dark grey tweed suit, £1; dark blue melton overcoat, 25s.; all made by first-class London tailor, nearly as new; also Harris tweed ulster, 15s., in good condition, chest 38in., inside leg 32in. 6ft.—Box 4724, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

500 Coat-hangers and trouser-presses (combined), to clear, 1s. 6d. each, post free.—Fylde Company, Bankrupt Stock Dealers, 107, Severn Road, Weston-super-Mare.

Brown rubber mackintosh, fit 40in. chest, 10s. 6d.—Box 4725, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Winslow extending roller skates, as new, cost 21s., 7s. 6d., or exchange for spring grip dumb-bells; 9ct. gold curb Albert, 37s. 6d.; approval.—Box 4721, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sandow's developers, complete with charts, new, 9s. Sandow's 5-spring dumb-bells, complete, two sets springs, charts, good condition, 5s.—Hogg, 18, Parkhead Street, Motherwell.

Fishermen, Attention!—Fish bite like hungry wolves if you use Indian magic fish lure. Sample package 1s. 1d.—Domestic Supply Co., 120, F Box, Leeds.

Cricket.—First-class club's tackling: two splendid selected, noted driving bats, all-cane handles, treble-seamed match balls, 4s. each; 21s. bag, cowhide ends, 12s. 6d.; pads, gloves, gauntlets, all or divide; approval.—Box 4682, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Lawn Bowls.—£2 2s. tournament set by noted maker, eight polished lignum bowls, full-size, medium bias, complete in strong case with two jacks for 27s. 6d.; never used; approval.—Box 4682, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Greenheart trout rod, 10ft. 6in., fine quality, spare point, landing net, oxidized reel, rubber lined shoulder wallet, new condition, cost 45s., accept 27s. 6d.—Box 4726, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Stage dumb-bell, 40lb. to 80lb., shot loading, 8s.—Box 4727, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Set leather boxing gloves, slightly damaged, 4s.; very cheap.—Box 4728, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Sandow developer and spring grip dumb-bells, new condition, 10s. the lot.—Box 4739, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, half-size billiard table, good maker, cheap for cash.—Full particulars, Box 4729, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good secondhand cricket set, complete; state lowest price.—Box 4730, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentlemen's 24in. frame, free wheel, 2 roller lever brakes, good tyres, Brook's saddle; splendid condition throughout; state what offers.—Box 4731, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

2 splendid 15s. A, re's match bats, all cane, thoroughly seasoned, new guinea bag, cowhide ends; pair 10s. 6d. pads, gauntlets and batting gloves; 2 tr. ble-seam 6s. mach balls, all guaranteed, just as new, lot for 45s.—Box 4732, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Eastman's No. 3A (postcard size) Kodak, in leather carrying case, with tripod and three printing frames, cost £6 6s.; sale £2 15s.—E. Cheverton, Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight.

Quarter-plate pocket Ray camera, 6 metal holders, washing and fixing tanks, crystalcolum sundries, 6 printing frames, enlargement apparatus, with Lancaster lens, negative box, developing trays, dark-room lamp, etc., suitable for beginner, sell cheaply in one lot.—Box 4733, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good ¼-plate folding Klito or No. 3 folding pocket Kodak, for cash, or exchange stereo.—Box 4734, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Quarter-plate small folding camera, double extension, Excelsior, Dr. Faber's f/7.5 lens, 5 slides, perfect condition, 50s.; also ¼-plate single extension small folding camera, 3 slides, in case, quite new, 25s.—Box 4735, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan up-to-date shorthand. Saves a year's study. Highest speeds. Simple. Rapid. Legible. Practical. Learned in twelve lessons. Interesting handbooks free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

MEDICAL, &c.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Valuable hair dressing. Brightens and brings out natural colour of hair; does not give greasy appearance. Recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4720, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Moustache Grower. Pendun's Moustache Pomade forces a magnificent Moustache in a remarkably short time on the most boyish face. A 6d. tin will be sent by return in plain wrapper (postage 1d. extra). Send 7d. to A. Pendun (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Five Founders' shares in the St. Cecile Municipal Casino Co., Ltd.; no reasonable offer refused.—Box 4736, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

United Electric Theatres, 20 10s. shares, paying 15 per cent.; £11.—Box 4737, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"3,000 Priceless Trade Secrets," 368 pages, cloth-bound volume. "Worth pounds." "Satisfaction guaranteed." 2s. 3d. post paid; "519 Practical Money-making Trade Recipes," 1s. 2d.; "Scientific Salesmanship" (originally correspondence course), 7s. 6d.—Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

Bankrupt stock. Bargains. Military hair-brushes, pair complete in box, 1s. 6d.; triple hollow-ground razors, 1s. 4d.; safety razors, complete with stropper, British make, 9d., post free.—Travis and Co., 44, Elgin Street, Hanley, Staffs.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birth-date and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

ASTOUNDING VALUE. All Goods on Approval.

12 S. 6 D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32 S. 6 D.—Powerful £12 12s. double-draw Binoculars, 12 lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10 S. 6 D.—Gent's heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent John Forrest, (London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

29 S. 6 D.—Valuable £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks. Sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Also another Hammerless. Worth £13 13s. Great sacrifice, 66s. Approval.

19 S. 6 D.—Gent's superior quality, £4 15s. tailor-made Indigo Blue Serge Jacket Suit by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 39in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; never worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

12 S. 6 D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

19 S. 6 D.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent's solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO, (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

GRAND NEW COMPETITION.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES.

IN WHICH YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED, AND OLD HAVE EQUAL CHANCE.

A pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells to be sent

FOR FREE TRIAL

and carriage paid at once to every reader of THE MODERN MAN who desires to enter this simple competition.

The Sandow Grip Dumb-Bells, which will be sent immediately to every reader who applies, may be used freely for seven days, and there is no obligation at all to purchase, nor is there any charge whatever.

THIS AMAZING OFFER

gives every one of the readers of THE MODERN MAN the opportunity to prove for themselves, without a penny of cost, how delightful and valuable this great new Competition for £100 in cash prizes really is. At the same time, every reader of THE MODERN MAN will learn entirely at our expense how easy it is by the means of this wonderful scientific invention of Mr. Eugene Sandow, the greatest health explorer in the world, to secure perfect health and prevent such ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Insomnia, &c., and also improve his or her physique; to increase the strength of any or all the limbs and organs of the body; to render the carriage graceful and distinguished and acquire that appearance and bearing which commands success in society, in business—in fact, in all the affairs of life.

Any reader can enter; the conditions are such that every boy, youth, young man, middle-aged man or woman, and even old men and women have equal chance of winning.

It is the natural desire of every intelligent boy, youth, young man, and young woman, to improve the physique and enhance their appearance, health, and general well-being. This amazing offer of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells and Generous Prize Competition provides a wonderful opportunity and inducement to do all these things.

The middle-aged man and woman must keep healthy, strong, and vigorous, and must prevent the encroachment of the hundred and one ailments of middle life. This offer and Competition will introduce to them the most perfect form of health exercise with monetary reward thrown in. The elderly must set back the clock if they are to enjoy the evening of life. Elderly readers may not only do this by a few minutes a day with Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, but may also secure the £100 in cash, which would come in so useful.

With every pair will be sent a Booklet of Exercises, showing you in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

The chart contains one month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

To secure the Dumb-Bells on absolutely free trial and full details of the

£100 IN CASH PRIZES

simply send in the Form below. Send no money. Only this form.

FREE TRIAL AND £100 PRIZE COMPETITION FOR READERS.

To Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date

1911

Gentlemen,—Please send by return for free trial one pair* of your Spring Grip Dumb-Bells (and particulars of the £100 free Competition) at
Youths'
Ladies'

Suitable for age.
12s. 6d. 18 and up.
10s. 6d. 14 to 18.
10s. 6d. 16 and up.

It is understood that I may either return the Dumb-Bells at the end of seven days without any obligation, or if I decide upon keeping same I will forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as the first payment, and the balance in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. until payment is completed.

Signed.....

Address

* Please cross out sizes not required.